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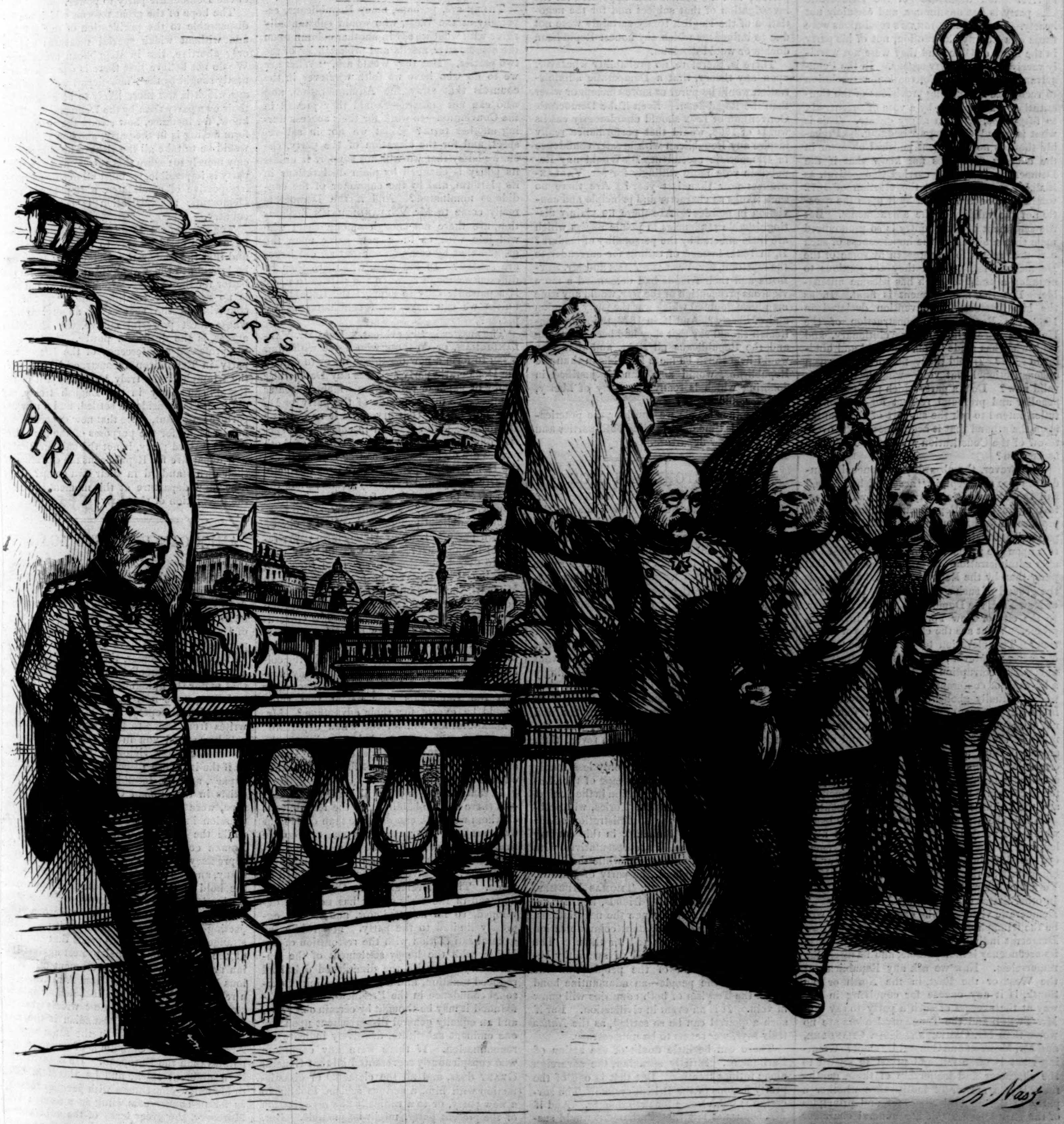


THEY ARE DOING UNTO THEMSELVES, WHAT THEY WOULD HAVE DONE UNTO US.

THE MADNESS OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 529.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 10, 1871.

Harper's Weekly contains one-third more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than double that of any similar publication.

☞ *The distinguishing features of the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *are an interesting paper on* Robert Southey, *by* Mr. S. C. Hall, *profusely illustrated; two fine* Art Illustrations, *entitled* "The Chicken's First Thought" *and* "Reading the Bible in a Blacksmith's Shop;" *an excellent Story, and a fine Poem appropriate to the season, with other literary attractions.*

☞ Charles Reade's *story,* "A Terrible Temptation," *will hereafter appear in a* Supplement, *which, as heretofore, will be supplied to the readers of* Harper's Weekly Free of Charge.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The "new departure" of the Democratic party is not unanimous, and certainly not hearty. Mr. Vallandigham's resolutions were those of a County Convention, not of his party in the State of Ohio, and they were not warmly received by the party organs. In the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention a resolution to recognize all existing provisions of the Constitution was adopted, by a vote of seventy-six to fifty-three, after an angry debate. This is what is called elsewhere "hedging." Probably there is no intelligent political observer in the country who does not know that if the Democratic party had carried Connecticut, as it did New Hampshire, the election of 1872 would have been disputed by it upon the question of the validity of the amendments. But the sentiment of the country is so pronounced upon that subject that the hopelessness of such a contest seems to be foreseen by some of the Democratic leaders, and they are anxious to abandon a position which has become untenable. But the abandonment is fatal. If, as the last Democratic Convention declared in 1868, the Republican reconstruction of the Union is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, what has made it constitutional and binding in 1872? If void then—not unwise nor even unconstitutional, but void—what has made it valid now? Does a party which professes such peculiar and profound respect for the Constitution intend to ask the support of the country upon the ground that it acquiesces in the overthrow of the Constitution and in revolutionary usurpation?

If, however, the absurdity be concealed under the plea of accepting "accomplished facts," and the Democratic party withdraws its protest against the Republican settlement, and promises a faithful enforcement of "the usurpation," its claim to popular confidence must rest upon the probability of a more honest and able administration of the government by that party than by the Republican. What, then, is the ground of such a probability? In the State of New York the Democratic party is in power. In the city of New York its dominance is supreme. What are the characteristics of its action? The elevation to office of men of no character whatever; the most universal and unblushing corruption; a Legislature which is a by-word of contempt; consequent legislation which virtually abolishes popular government in the city in favor of an oligarchy of four men, not one of whom enjoys the respect of the community; the infamies of Erie bills, and of the amended code, authorizing corrupt judges to crush the freedom of the press: in one word, a vast and skillful system of plunder, with profound contempt and disregard of the principles and the defenses of free popular government.

This is the aspect of Democratic ascendency where the party is best organized, most ably led, and of practically unchallenged supremacy. And against this régime there is no audible protest in the Democratic party. In New York the Tammany leadership is omnipotent. In other States there is no word of dissent. A Democratic victory in the election of 1872 will be the triumph of this spirit, not because every Democrat individually approves it, but because its ascendency is indisputable, and its discipline remorseless. Now we ask any Republican at the West or the East, in the North or the South, is it any excuse for conniving in any way at the success of such a party to say that Mr. Tweed and the Tammany leaders are no worse than Mr. Cameron and Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Morton and General Butler? Granting what is often felt and urged in regard to the character and leadership of these gentlemen, is it a matter of indifference whether a party of the general character and principles of the Republican, or of the general character and tendencies of the Democratic, controls the government? If certain leaders upon both sides are not to be respected nor trusted, it is only wise to look further into the party. Now every element of hatred of the government, of disbelief in its principles, the great mass of ignorance, the subservience to ecclesiastical dictation—the most doubtful and pernicious elements in a system like ours—are all combined in the Democratic party. The general intelligence, the true conservatism of industry, faith in liberty and education—in a word, the moral forces of the country, are with the Republicans. Is this a consideration of little weight?

Moreover, if there is irregularity in many of the details of administration, if the counsels which prevail in its general policy are not always such as honorable men approve, there are two points to consider—first, that to recall to power the party to which we owe the corruption of political methods will hardly remedy the difficulty; and second, that while in that party there is really no protest, there is in the Republican party a protest so stern that it constantly modifies what are regarded as baneful counsels. In the State of New York the Democratic voice that was raised against the despotism of Tammany was summarily silenced, and with very few exceptions there has been no resolute Democratic protest urged against the alarming tyranny of the amended code. But it was the steady Republican remonstrance that modified the San Domingo policy, which the Republican leaders already named strongly supported; and the commissions appointed for the investigation of that subject and for the negotiation of the English treaty certainly were not due to influences which any honest Republican doubts or would disclaim.

There is, therefore, no probability whatever, upon any theory, that a Democratic administration would be purer or more efficient or wiser than the Republican. Even if the Democratic Convention of 1872 should unanimously eat its words of 1868, would that performance really inspire any Republican with greater confidence in Democratic ascendency? Would any Republican vote more willingly for Mr. Vallandigham now than last year? Are there no such things as character and principle and conviction in politics? Are there no plainly distinguishable tendencies in public affairs which are little affected by the personality of leaders? If, in 1864, instead of calling for surrender to the rebellion, Mr. Vallandigham and Mr. Seymour and their friends had demanded a more vigorous prosecution of the war, would any sane man have doubted which was the party of union and of liberty? And if, in 1872, the same gentlemen should say that they had been all wrong and the Republicans all right, and that they would henceforth be more Republican than the Republicans, would any man be justified in doubting which is really the party of liberty, progress, and safety?

In another article we consider the practicability at this time of discarding both parties and taking a "new departure."

THE VICTORY OF PEACE.

The prompt ratification of the Treaty of Washington by the Senate follows that of the country. That of the British Government will not, we hope, be long delayed, and so one of the most hopeful events of the time will be accomplished. It is a new reason of pride in the race which has so long maintained and constantly enlarges the forms of constitutional freedom that so deep and sore a difference between two proud and powerful nations should be adjusted by a spirit of candor and of justice. The Treaty of Washington is like a settlement between two gentlemen. Neither demands what ought not to be granted, and each willingly yields what ought not to be withheld.

But the great significance of the treaty is its hearty support by the most intelligent and friendly spirit of the two countries, while the reactionary elements in both also reveal their true character. The party friends of the rebels in this country, who cheered only less loudly than the English Tories the escape of the *Alabama*, voted against the ratification in the Senate, and their allies, the English Tories, will probably oppose it. But the administration of the party of liberty and humanity in this country initiated the treaty, and its representatives, with virtual unanimity, support it; while the liberal government in England, the party of Bright, Cobden, Goldwin Smith, Thomas Hughes, and all our most faithful friends, heartily accepted our invitation to renew the negotiations, and were doubtless in constant communication with their agents who acted for them. The treaty is thus another bond of sympathy between the England of the people and the America of the people—an adamantine bond which the Toryism of both countries will gnaw in vain. It is an event in civilization. For if such a quarrel can be so settled, as the *Nation* truly says, war seems to be unnecessary.

There can be little doubt of the action of Parliament. Strictly speaking, the sovereign alone ratifies treaties. But that is one of the pretty fictions of the British system. The sovereign is but a name for the minister. And if Mr. Disraeli felt that Parliament would sustain him, he would, upon the announcement of the ratification, move a vote of censure upon the ministry for advising the crown to ratify; and, of course, if Parliament were likely to sustain such a motion, the Queen would not ratify the treaty, for the ministry would not press it. The liberal majority, however, is so great that the result is secure. Nor need Earl Russell strenuously object. For the treaty does not accuse him by declaring that the rule of law at the time was different from that upon which he has insisted, but it states a future rule which it permits to be retroactive for this occasion. Sir Roundell Palmer, one of the ablest of living lawyers, and not unfriendly to the United States, always held that technically the position of England was legal. But the treaty felicitously avoids the possible discussion of all such points, which could only be endless and fruitless; and with a kind of formal protest. In any case he Earl Russell will probably content himself will not influence the Peers to any discordant action.

In this country every Republican will rejoice that the same great party which triumphantly sustained the Union and liberty against the rebellious assault of slavery and aristocracy has in this lofty and humane adjustment of an angry difference added so signal an illustration to Milton's noble declaration, that Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

"NEW DEPARTURES."

There are, perhaps, many Republicans, especially at the West, who would substantially agree with what we say in another column upon the comparative merits and probabilities of the two parties. But they would ask, "What are we to do who have no faith whatever in the counsels that sway the Administration, and who can not consent—should they prevail in the Convention—to work for their success during another term? Must we not in self-respect, and for the elevation of the party, declare plainly that we will not support it unless its policy is changed by plain declarations in its platform, and by the character of the candidates nominated? And if the Democrats really come to Mr. Vallandigham's declaration, are there not enough among them who will join with us in a new party upon the ground that by common consent all old issues are settled? In any case, will there then be difference enough between the parties to make it a patriotic duty to support the Republican, unless we can have such candidates as we prefer?"

The answer is very evident. Does Mr. Vallandigham, or do those who agree with him, mean to form a new organization, or to extend the Democratic party? Does any Democratic orator or paper or convention which advocates acquiescence do so outside of the party? Do they not, on the contrary, urge it as the true Democratic policy? And in considering special questions upon which members of both parties are divided—such as free trade—do not the Democratic papers advocate it as distinctly a party policy, and expressly declare that the true place of Republican free-traders is in the Democratic ranks? Last autumn certain free-trade Republican papers at the West spoke of a third party. Did any Democratic paper respond in the least? They were all very willing to detach the Republicans from their own side, but their object was plain enough. In Missouri, the St. Louis *Democrat* and Senator Schurz helped the Democrats in the election of a Legislature and Governor. The Governor declared that old party lines were obliterated; but the Democratic Legislature elected the author of the Brodhead letter to be the colleague of Mr. Schurz. Does any body suppose that there is a third party in Missouri, or that the Democrats ever meant that there should be, except for their advantage? Mr. Vallandigham and all the "new departure" Democrats will be very glad to welcome the "new departure" Republicans to the Democratic fold, but they will not form any alliance outside of their party lines.

If that be so—and it will hardly be denied—is there any probability that the Republicans of whom we speak can do more than divide our own ranks if they resolve upon the course that we suppose? For the time and the circumstances do not permit the formation of a new party. In a year the nominations will be made. The movement at Cincinnati announced in the early spring has not been developed, so far as we know, and it was expressly limited to the party. Meanwhile the general satisfaction with the restoration of the Union, with the happy settlement of the English difficulty, with the diminished debt and reduced taxation, and a general feeling of personal confidence in the President, however ill-founded it may be thought by certain observers, and an equally general disagreement upon any one eminent substitute, decisively indicate his renomination. If there were any candidate who conspicuously represented all that General Grant does, and all the elements of dissatisfaction with him, a serious schism, looking to a new party, or to a radically new organization of the present party, might be possible. But, in the absence of all the favorable conditions, the only question for the Republicans of whom we speak is this: Would the success of the Democratic party with any candidate whatever be more desirable than that of the Republicans with General Grant? For we assume that should another nomination than that of General Grant be made, there would be no question of the hearty concurrence of the doubters.

For reasons that we have stated elsewhere we should regard Democratic control of the government as the most serious misfortune that could befall the country; for it would be throwing out of power the party of sincere faith in popular principles, the party of intelligence, education, and conscience, and substituting for it the party of hereditary hostility to equal rights, intrenched in ignorance and all that ignorance implies. Nor can it be truthfully said that, admitting the Republican party to be what we claim, its intelligence and conscience are not represented in its leadership or in its policy. A party must be judged by its history. And while the Republican party has made mistakes, it has not committed crimes, like its adversary. While, therefore, the Democratic Convention in Pennsylvania quotes with approval the late speech of Senator Schurz, in Missouri, and while we know his strong condemnation of the Administration, we remember also his faith and his career; and we have no fear that the Democratic party has siren sweetness of profession enough to persuade him or any other conspicuous Republican statesman to aid the restoration of the Democratic party to power.

The hope of the great reforms which are indispensable to the purification of our politics, and without which special measures will be only abortive, lies in Republican ascendency. We do not believe that there is one object earnestly sought by the "new-departure" Republicans which is not more likely to be attained by their own party than by the Democracy. They know, for instance, how strong the revenue reform feeling is in the party, and how needless it would be to take all the risks of helping the enemy merely to secure that result; and as a third party is impossible, we must all decide whether, irrespective of candidates, a Republican or a Democratic administration is better for the country.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks that "we have come unmistakably to a new departure," and that the sooner the Democratic party can be brought to the Vallandigham platform the better for the country. That is true; but that is no reason for trusting that party, nor for conniving at the success of an organization whose most powerful motive, the *Republican* agrees, is the desire for power. And if with the professed acquiescence of the Democratic party in Republican reconstruction, and with the triumph of the truly humane spirit of the Republican party in the English treaty, the old issues be considered settled, and a new departure imminent, since that new departure can not be found for the purposes of the next election in a third party, is not the only practicable new departure for Republicans the elevation of their own standard in their own camp? Any other new departure at this moment is merely the dissolution of the party.

AMERICAN PROTESTS AGAINST LIBERTY.

One of the chief Roman Catholic organs in this country, the *Catholic World*, severely condemns the great meeting last winter in honor of Italian unity, and denounces the "apostacy" of Dr. Döllinger. On the other hand, eighty parishes in Bavaria have expressed their sympathy with the Doctor, the king befriends him, a number of Neapolitan priests ardently hope that under the guidance of his spirit the Church and the people may be rescued from "degenerate political popery," and Father Hyacinthe writes from Rome to Dr. Döllinger, "Jehovah has raised you in your old days for new combats and new victories." Indeed, it seems as if the immense discontent with the political papacy, and the infallible papal claims which exists in the Roman Catholic Church in Europe, were likely to find some organized expression in the movement of Dr. Döllinger, while the emancipation of Austria from the Roman control, the attitude of Bavaria, the supremacy of the Protestant Empire of Germany, and the total decline of France, show that the hold of Roman ecclesiasticism upon civilization is visibly relaxing.

Undoubtedly, at a time when Europe is rejecting ecclesiastical assumption, it must seem strange to intelligent Europeans that the voice of the most unconditional protest against Italian union and popular government and religious liberty should come from America. But a religious faith or a political feeling is often strongest at the points most widely removed from the centre. The Canadian is the most British of Britons, and in the same way the American Roman Catholic is of narrower sympathies than the European. He is surrounded by a different spirit, and he therefore clings to his fellow-churchman with peculiar tenacity, as fellow-countrymen cling in a foreign land. Moreover, the great mass of the adherents of the Roman Church in this country are of the more ignorant class. They are for that reason more easily led. And the intelligent members of the Church are not brought in general and immediate contact, as they have so long been in Europe, with all the corruption, superstition, and degradation of political ecclesiasticism. Very many of the priests in this country, also—probably a large majority—are foreigners. They have little knowledge of our political principles and system, no faith in them; and, taught always to consider Rome as the seat of supreme sovereignty in human affairs, they are here merely as the scouts and outposts of the Roman hierarchy.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the voice of Roman America should be hostile to the accepted fundamental American principles. It protests against the political change which releases the Roman people from a virtually absolute political authority, a government in which they had no voice whatever; and it readily accepts an ecclesiastical declaration which is necessarily the destruction of religious liberty. Moreover, in protesting against the method of the peaceful revolution in the Roman States, and denouncing what it calls the "outrage" upon the Pope, it betrays no perception whatever of the outrage upon the people which has been redressed. It is an unspeakable crime, in its view, that the Roman people should be enabled to choose their own government, but it is the divine order that a man elected to an ecclesiastical primacy by a few dozen clergymen should be the despotic ruler of a people who have not been consulted, and to whom he may be an utter stranger.

At the present time, therefore, the Roman Church, controlled by the Jesuits, and declaring the papal infallibility, from which spring religious and political absolutism, is the great reactionary influence against the development of liberty. It is well parodied—and the parody interprets the tendency—in the letter of certain English Episcopalians, clergy and laity, to Louis Napoleon. They declare that their earnest hope is that he and the Empress may yet restore to France social order and religious liberty, and protect peaceable Frenchmen from the inroads of a barbarous socialism, and the curse and despotism of an antichristian republic. The tone of these Englishmen toward Louis Napoleon is precisely that of the *Catholic World* toward the Pope. It is the protest of absolute authority against liberty—of the will of one man against the consent of all men. It is a sigh for a return to that baleful spirit from whose control the human race, as it advances in intelligence, perpetually struggles to emancipate itself. Dr. Döllinger echoes Luther; and his voice, like the old monk's, is a prophecy of larger liberty, and, therefore, of truer peace and progress.

THE VICTORY OF FRANCE.

When the Germans were before Paris M. Ernest Feydeau, a French author of the lowest tone of the low empire, wrote a letter to the *Tribune* full of rhetorical lamentation over the insults offered by the Goths and Vandals to the "Queen of Civilization"—meaning the city of Paris. But this "Queen of Civilization" has been the mother of the greatest barbarities of modern history; and at the end of a war in which the Germans showed no trace of a wanton spirit, Paris itself proves to be the very nest of Vandalism, and would have been utterly destroyed by certain Parisians could they have had their way. The Commune, which has been all the more effectually because gradually crushed, whatever its theory may have been, offered, by its spirit and conduct, no hope for humanity or liberty. It was a terrible dumb and blind protest against the existing order, without the least suggestion of an intelligent comprehension of it, or any hint of a reasonable method of reform. Undoubtedly at last, also, like the terror in '93, it was a mere name for the excesses of the most desperate and criminal classes. The idea of local independence, which was its redeeming thought, was lost in the wildest license and riot, and the expiring struggles of its present effort were marked by the attempted destruction of one of the greatest and most interesting cities in the world.

The effort of the Commune ends, therefore, without the least sympathy or respect. If there were men interested in it whose views were positive, humane, and reasonable, they were wholly powerless. They were in no sense leaders, and the movement will be judged, not by their hopes, but by its practical performance. The friends of local independence will, of course, justly refuse to be held responsible for the vagaries and crimes of those who prostituted the name, just as every friend of constitutional liberty repudiates the tragical travesty of the reign of terror. But they can not help feeling the great injury wrought to the cause—a kind of injury to which every good cause and reform are liable. A certain reaction is now inevitable, and its results are likely to endure for a long time.

The vital point of difference in the situation of France at the close of this conflict and at the end of the old revolution is that this victory is the work of the nation itself. It is Versailles supported by the rest of France which has conquered Paris. There is, therefore, no disturbing foreign element in the situation; and the confidence of the country will be re-assured by the fact that the element of order is stronger, even at great disadvantage, than that of disorder. The victory has been won, not in the name of empire, nor of monarchy, nor of republic, but in that of respect for order and law based upon the popular will. The government at Versailles, although purely provisional, is the deliberate choice of all the people of France, and the resistance at Paris was the rebellion of a small minority, who, by entering into the election, had acknowledged the validity of the authority it would create. That authority will now, we presume, establish order, and at the earliest practicable moment call an election for an Assembly to determine the future form of government for the country.

IGNORANCE AS A BULWARK OF JUSTICE.

The recent effort to impanel a jury in the case of Foster, the murderer of Mr. Putnam in the street car, shows that the system of trial by jury is in sore need of amendment. There are, indeed, many sagacious men who condemn the whole system, without clearly seeing a substitute. Cases involving serious interests are now constantly left to referees, except where the very weakness of the jury system offers hope to an advocate who despairs of his case upon the facts that he may yet win by cajoling or confusing twelve men. Indeed, the conditions of society are so wholly changed since the jury trial was introduced that it is an accusation of our good sense that we do not make it conform to the present situation. At a time, for instance, when every intelligent person is necessarily familiar with every important event, and when, if it has occurred in his neighborhood, he has knowledge of the circumstances as reported, and consequently a kind of opinion, it is absurd to refuse him as a juror upon that ground, and for two very obvious reasons. In the first place, his opinion is merely an impression which is entirely amenable to change by evidence; and, in the second place, if such knowledge is to exclude him, a juryman becomes a synonym for blockhead or knave.

If a man were to be tried for his life, would he rather trust to the verdict of twelve men who read the newspapers, or to twelve who did not read them, or who said that they did not? Undoubtedly to the twelve who read, and upon the very comprehensible ground that intelligent men are now informed of the news; and he would rather be judged by intelligent than by ignorant men. In the present case a passenger was assaulted violently in a car, and soon after died at the hospital. Every newspaper was full of it. Even if a man were unable to read, he heard the story in detail. It was discussed every where, in every version, and with every kind of comment. While the circumstances were still fresh in the public memory, the accused was arraigned for trial; and instead of selecting a jury of the neighborhood, who were ready and competent to hear and weigh evidence, the city was dragged to discover twelve recluse or unobservant men who had not heard, or who were willing to say that they had not formed what is called an opinion upon the subject; that is to say, who had read nothing about it. That confession itself should have incapacitated them. It should have been felt that no man's life, and justice itself, were not secure with men who, under the circumstances, had heard nothing, or who had formed no opinion.

Indeed, there is now in every community only one class of persons who may be supposed to know really nothing of current events, or who, at least, may be very easily made to know nothing, and they are the convicts in the prisons. The *Tribune* proposes to add to these returning passengers in ships, who may be prohibited from communicating with the pilot, and removed instantly to the court-room. A system which has become so conspicuously foolish, which demands ignorance as a qualification for jury duty, ought certainly to be corrected in that point at least. And it will be curious to remark whether, after the universal expression of censure of the present custom which the trial of Foster has evoked, any attempt will be made to harmonize the jury system with the times and with common-sense.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Forney, in his "Anecdotes of Public Men," expresses the opinion that "no man living, either at home or abroad, more keenly enjoys music, painting, and poetry, and talks better about them, than Charles Sumner. His tastes are refined, his hospitalities generous, and his plate, pictures, and engravings rare; and he could pronounce as learned a discourse upon art as upon politics." We may add, that few people are aware of the large amount of hard, dry, legal work Mr. Sumner did before he became a United States Senator. After his admission to the bar he edited for three years the *American Jurist;* published three volumes of Reports (bearing his name) of the United States Circuit Court; and in 1844, '45, and '46 produced an edition of "Vesey's Reports" in twenty volumes. Mr. Sumner occasionally in a sentence throws abroad an idea that the people instantly understand and appreciate. Thus, while the Senate was attempting to punish one or two newspaper men who were "enterprising" enough to obtain and forward to the *Tribune* an advance copy of the treaty, he said the whole proceeding reminded him of a stone in the commercial metropolis on which is inscribed "Two miles to New York." Since that stone was placed the city has grown beyond it many miles, so that it is now near the centre of New York. The Senate should keep up with the times, and go beyond its old milestone of secret sessions.

—Should his Holiness Pius the Ninth survive until Friday the 16th of June, he will have accomplished what the Roman Catholics of the world have long looked forward to as one of the most interesting events in the history of their Church. On that day the venerable Pope will have occupied the papal chair *twenty-five years*—a longer period than it has been filled by any pope since the establishment of Catholicism, with the single exception of its first occupant, St. Peter. It is not claimed that he held it over twenty-five years. If, therefore, Pope Pius survives another week, his will be the signal honor of having occupied the papal chair longer than any one of the 259 prelates who have preceded him. Another noteworthy fact is that of these 259 only ten have enjoyed the pontifical honor over twenty years. They are:

		A.D.		Yrs.	Mths.	Dys.
Sylvester,	consecrated	314,	occupied	21	11	0
Leo the Great,	"	440,	"	21	1	4
Adrian I.,	"	772,	"	23	10	17
Leo III.,	"	795,	"	20	5	16
Alexander III.,	"	1159,	"	21	11	23
Urban VIII.,	"	1623,	"	20	11	23
Clement XI.,	"	1700,	"	20	3	25
Pius VI.,	"	1775,	"	24	6	14
Pius VII.,	"	1800,	"	23	5	6
Pius IX.						

Pius Ninth is now 79 years old. In 1840, at the age of 48, he was created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, in the Romagna. Pope Gregory died on the 1st of June, 1846, and on the 16th of June Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected his successor. His chief ecclesiastical acts have been: the division of England into Roman Catholic dioceses, in 1850; the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854; the famous Encyclical of 1864; and the proclamation of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council of 1870. The health of the Pope is so precarious as to cause much disquietude in his immediate household. His disease is described as a flying dropsy.

—Dr. William M. Gwin is again a candidate for the United States Senate, in place of Senator Cole, whose term expires in 1873. Dr. G. has been many years in public life, having entered the House of Representatives thirty years ago from Mississippi. Subsequently he went to California, was a member of the Convention to frame its Constitution, and one of its first United States Senators, serving as such from 1850 to 1861. During the rebellion he was placed in quod for alleged disloyalty, but was released on parole by President Johnson in 1866. Mrs. Gwin was quite prominent in Washington society during the Doctor's public career.

—Mr. John Quincy Adams, who inherits the talent and sagacity of a remarkable ancestry, has written a letter to a citizen of Missouri, in which, as a Democrat, he says sundry sharp things on the present position of that party, and the reluctance with which it accepts the situation. "I deplore," he says, "the halting, hesitating step with which the Democracy is *sneaking up* to its inevitable position, and for this cause I share your regret at the studious ambiguity which seems to search for a sally-port through which to dodge its destiny." Mr. Adams is a gentleman who has the pluck and position to say what he pleases. The party seeks him, not he the party.

—General Schenck, who will have entered upon the duties of his mission at about the time this number of the *Weekly* enters upon its duties, is no novice in the ways of courts and courtiers, having, on his retirement from Congress in 1851, been appointed by President Fillmore minister to Brazil, where he remained two years. In 1861 and 1862 he served as a brigadier and major general, and since 1862 has been continuously in Congress. Besides being one of the readiest and ablest debaters in the House, he was a fine parliamentarian. Socially he is one of the most agreeable of men, full of anecdote, and an admirable *raconteur*.

—The Hon. Caleb Cushing has expressed the opinion that the Joint High Commission, which has concluded the great treaty, "is not excelled in character by any in the history of the world. No such commission was employed to negotiate the treaty of independence. It overshadows our two successive commissions for the negotiations of peace with France, and while it does not underpass on the one side, it surpasses on the other the commission of Ghent." The treaty of the latter place is one of the most memorable in American history. It was signed on the 24th December, 1814, and terminated the war between Great Britain and the United States. The British Commissioners were Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams. The American Commissioners were John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, and Jonathan Russell. The treaty provided for the mutual restoration of all conquered territory, and for the mutual appointment of commissioners to examine and report on disputed boundaries. The commission was originated through the mediation of the Emperor of Russia.

—Since Mr. Horace Greeley first began to give opinions to his countrymen through the columns of the *Northern Spectator*, at Poultney, Vermont, forty odd years ago (he is now just sixty), he has done nothing more characteristic (unless it be his going bail for Mr. Jefferson Davis) than to tell the people of Texas, at Galveston, whither he has recently made a trip, that they must acquiesce in the political results of the war, and turn their attention to the restoration of peace, order, and prosperity. He gave them the plainest, boldest *Tribune* sort of talk, and they received it with perfect good-humor.

—The Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, of Indiana, United States minister to Mexico, is reported to have from Terre Haute a "buckboard," and a good stock of Wabash chills, to make him feel comfortable, and as souvenirs of home.

—The Hon. Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts, will spend the next six months in European travel, which he can now safely do, having just been re-elected to the Senate for his third term. For a gentleman only 59 years of age Senator Wilson has enjoyed a fine run of official honor. Elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts when he was 29, and serving four years in the House and four in the Senate (two years as President), he was in 1855 elected to the United States Senate, and has from the outset been a conspicuous member of that body. He was the originator of the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and is one of the most industrious men in Congress.

—It comes to us well authenticated that a Mr. Simpson, of Michigan, recently deemed it incumbent upon himself to switch the legs of one Taylor. Mr. Taylor could not supinely submit to that manœuvre, and therefore amputated one of the ears of Simpson with his little penknife.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, rector of Grace Church in this city, has announced a "new departure" in the way of preachers and preaching. In his recent sermon to the graduating class of Columbia College Law School, he said, "In the early days of the Church it was customary to have lay preachers, and I earnestly hope that the custom may be revived, and that before long we may have eminent lawyers, with large catholic ideas, coming into the pulpit to give practical views on religious subjects."

—Earl De Grey has for the past ten years taken special interest in, and had responsible charge of, the educational department of the English government. It is therefore a genuine compliment to our public school system, that his lordship, after visiting the Franklin School, the largest, best, and most costly of the public schools of Washington, and addressing the pupils, had the frankness to admit the superiority of the system and management of our public schools over those of England.

—Mr. William C. Bryant has been made the subject of many agreeable compliments from the public men and press of the country. The latest and most graceful is that of Mr. William M. Evarts, who introduced Mr. Bryant to Baron Gerolt, at the recent dinner given to the latter, as "a great scholar and a great author, who never forgets any thing that he has ever learned, and is constantly teaching others what they never knew; one who translates poems written 3000 years ago; and one who has written poems that will be translated 3000 years hence into the tongue of a nation that holds as much relation to us as we do to Greece."

—Hon. John J. Chappell, who died recently in Montgomery, Alabama, at the age of ninety, was a man of some note when in his prime. He was, at the time of his death, probably the oldest member of a former Congress living, having been a representative from South Carolina from 1813 to 1817. He was as early as 1809 a trustee of the State College, and had considerable to do with the benevolent and financial institutions of the State.

—Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the political opinions of Minister Washburne, it is by all cheerfully conceded that during the Franco-German war, and during the present terrible struggle in Paris, his conduct has been worthy of his country. A leading London journal says: "Minister Washburne, whatever his political merits or demerits, has done credit to the national reputation for courage in the face of danger. When all other diplomatic representatives thought discretion the better part of valor, and fled from Paris, Washburne held on through the days of Prussian shot and shell, and, worse still, through dog-meat and horse-flesh. Now he 'sticks,' with the terrible uncertainties of popular *émeute*, the prompt action and the vain repentance of *sans-culottes* impulse, staring him in the face. Honor to Minister Washburne!"

—General Nye has fallen under the eagle gaze of a Western writer, who thinks him one of the handsomest men, if not the handsomest, in the Senate—resembling somewhat Benjamin Franklin in trowsers and a swallow-tail. General Nye has more intellect than the world gives him credit for, but is too indolent to achieve the highest honors of statesmanship. He is one of the wittiest men in the Senate, and one of the best-hearted. Being a member of the Committee on Claims, it is his peculiar trial to be pursued and button-holed by very, very old and tottering females, who have claims on the government; but being a good man and a philosopher, he endures it like the general that he is, and the old folk bless him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Alabama* Claims Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate May 24. The vote was taken at eleven o'clock in the evening, and stood 50 to 12. All the votes in the negative were, with one exception, Democratic.

On the 27th, after warm discussion, the Senate adopted a resolution releasing the *Tribune* correspondents, Messrs. White and Ramsdell, from custody at the close of the session, by a vote of 23 to 13. The Senate subsequently adjourned *sine die*.

Vice-President Colfax was suddenly taken seriously ill in the Senate chamber May 22, and was removed to a room in the Capitol, where he still remains.

It is proposed to extend the system of weather reports and storm signals now in use in the United States to Canada, the maritime provinces, and British Columbia.

Throughout the Pennsylvania coal regions the miners are returning to work, and the long strike appears to be at an end.

A terrible disaster occurred May 27 at the Pittston, Pennsylvania, coal mine. The breaker at the mouth of the shaft took fire and was destroyed, and of forty men and boys in the mine twenty lost their lives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

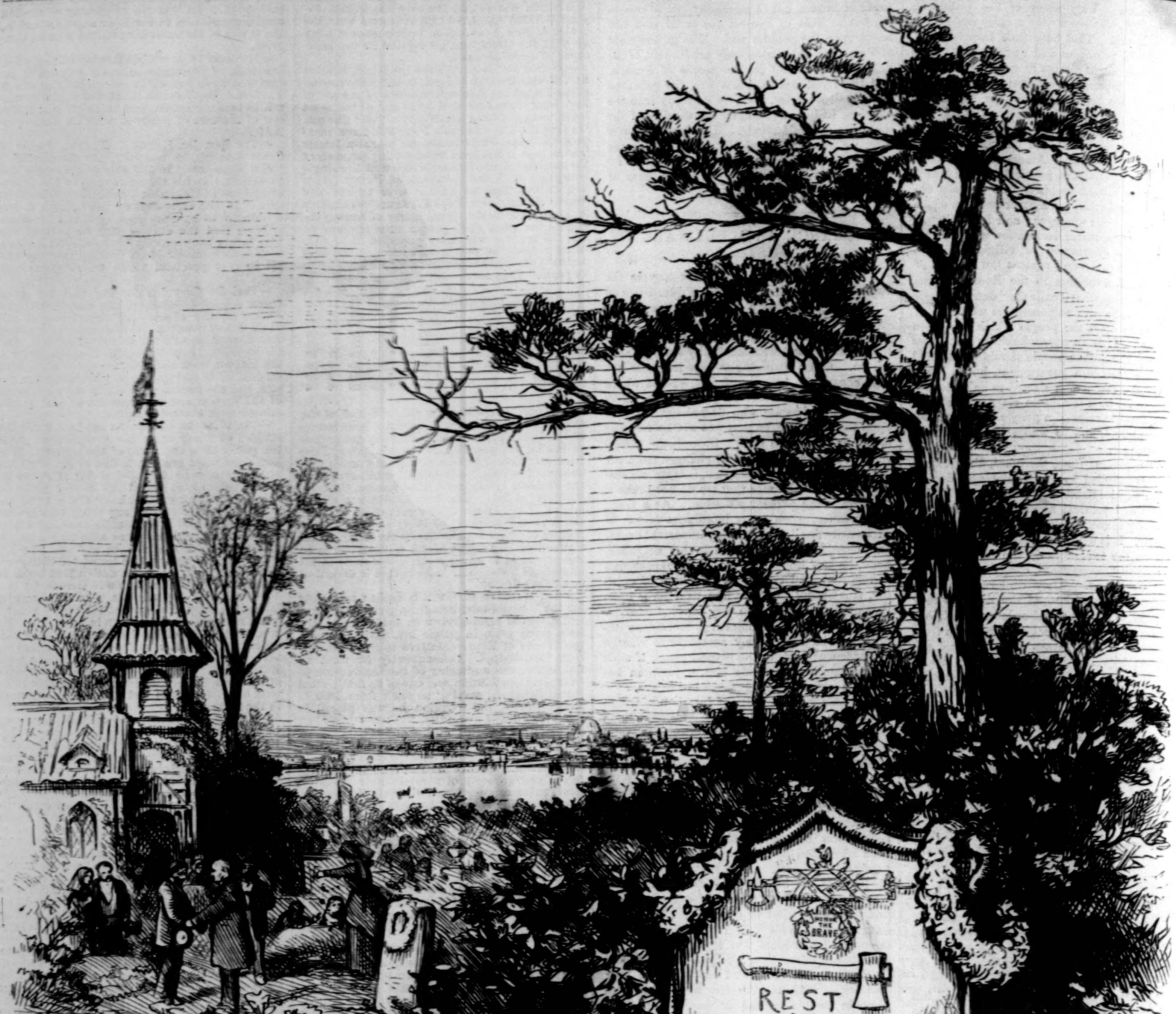
The insurrection in Paris was completely suppressed on Sunday, May 28, after terrible fighting in those portions of the city to which the Communists had been driven. The slaughter was immense. From 50,000 to 60,000 dead bodies are said to be lying unburied in the streets, houses, and cellars. One-fourth of the city has been destroyed by fire and bombardment.

The Communists have shot the Archbishop of Paris and a large number of priests. On the other hand, the severity of the Versailles troops seems to be unbounded. They are said to shoot down men, women, and children when taken with arms in their hands. Three hundred insurgent women, captured in a body, were immediately executed.

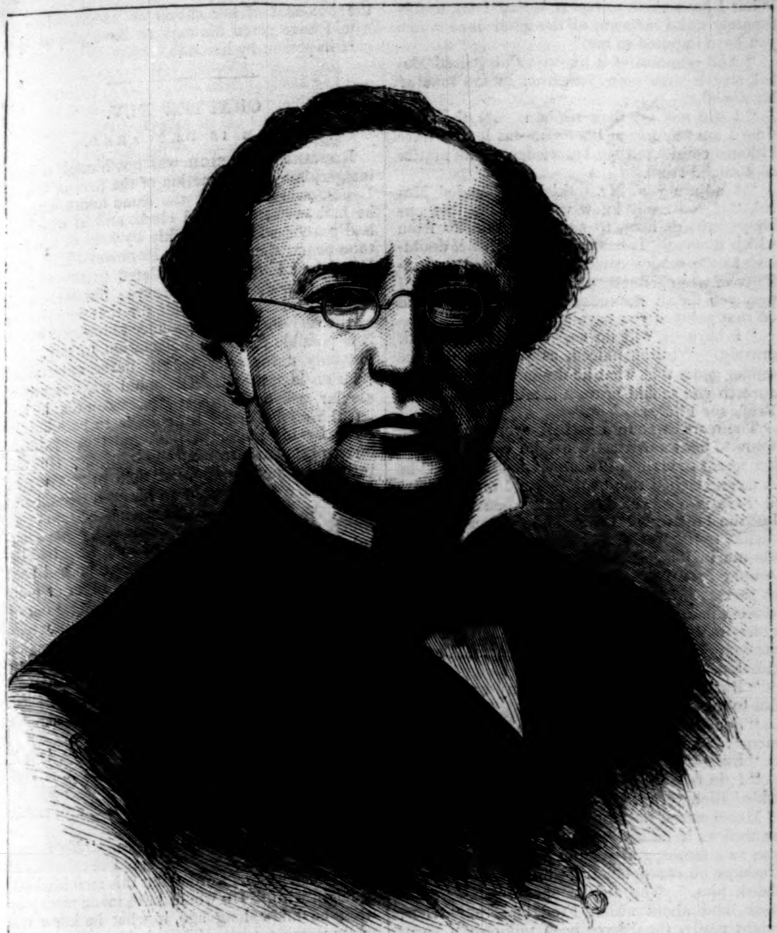
The German Reichstag has approved the additional clause of the postal treaty between the United States and Germany, reducing the rate to five cents per half ounce.

Negotiations are said to be in progress for the ceding of Heligoland to Germany by Great Britain.

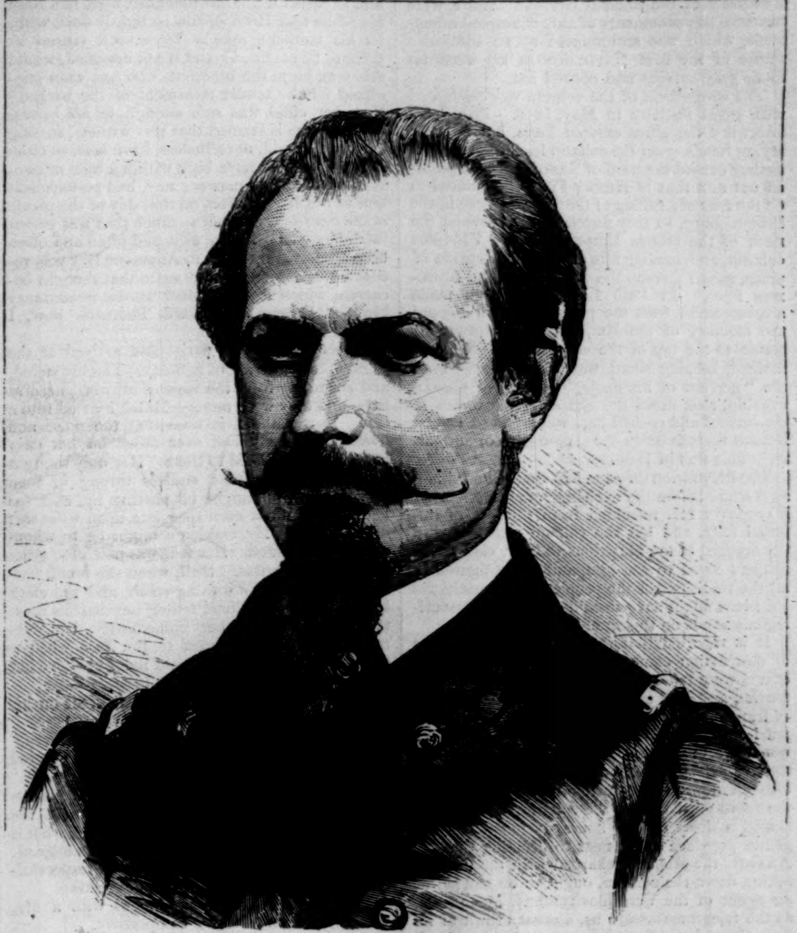
There is danger of trouble in Spain, where a movement in favor of a republic has been commenced. Recently a resolution was offered, but not considered, in the Cortes, declaring the election of Amadeus void, and Don Carlos the rightful king.


HONOR THE BRAVE
REST IN PEACE
Th. Nast.

DECORATION-DAY, MAY 30, 1871.



THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.—[From a Photograph by Hagelstein Brothers, New York.]



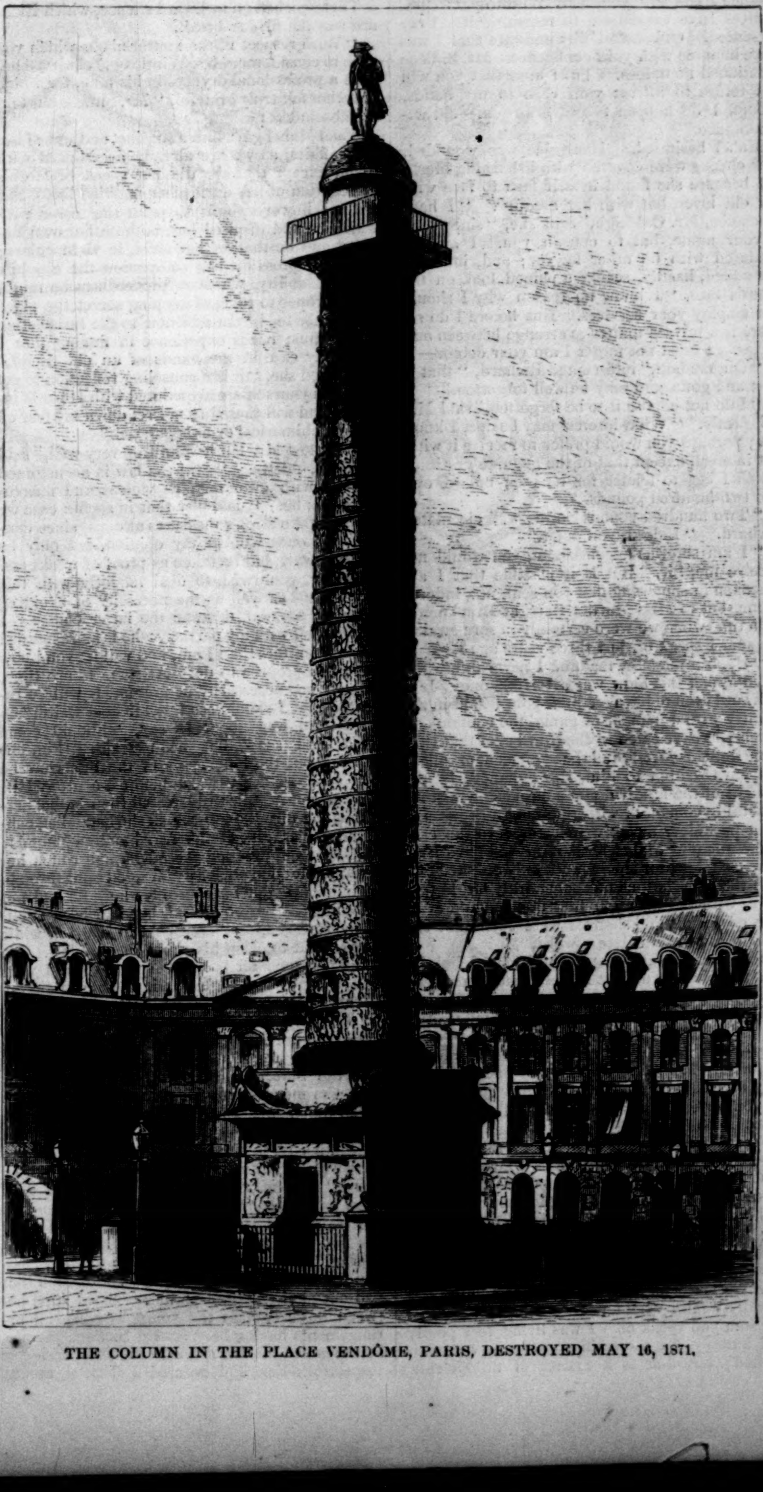
GENERAL DOMBROWSKI, LATE COMMANDANT OF THE COMMUNIST ARMY.

THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has been again called upon to mourn the loss of one of its bishops. It is remarkable that the three who have recently deceased—Thomson, Kingsley, and Clark—were all elected together at the General Conference of 1864; all have died within about a year of each other. Davis W. Clark was born on the island of Mount Desert, Maine, February 25, 1812. He prepared for college at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, entered an advanced class of the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1834, and graduated in 1836; very soon after graduating he became principal of Amenia Seminary, one of the Methodist denominational schools in this State. In the year 1843 he entered the traveling ministry, and was appointed pastor of important churches in this city and Poughkeepsie. In the year 1852 he was made editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, a monthly periodical published by the Methodist Episcopal Church. This position he held until 1864, when he was elected bishop. He entered upon his episcopal duties with great zeal. Prior to the civil war the two great Methodist Churches, North and South, had kept apart, each occupying its own territory. At the close of the war the South was opened, for the first time in twenty years, to the Northern Church. The blacks and the loyal whites sought fellowship with Northern ecclesiastical organizations. Living in Cincinnati, Bishop Clark gave close attention to this work of reorganization, received preachers, constituted conferences, founded schools and colleges, and crowded almost a lifetime of labor into a few years. A denominational authority states that between 1864 and 1868 he traveled nearly 66,000 miles, presided over forty-two annual conferences, visited the Pacific coast, organized five new conferences, ordained over seven hundred ministers, and stationed nearly five thousand.

Such unsparing labor is too much for any human frame, and Bishop Clark paid the penalty of it in an utter breakdown of health last winter. But though greatly prostrated, he could not or would not give up. It is told of Bishop Asbury, the founder of American Methodism, that after he had become helplessly weak he continued to make his long episcopal tours from North to South, and from South to North again. The now venerable Henry Boehn, in those days a robust young man, has often carried Asbury in his arms from carriage to pulpit, and placed him on an elevated seat, from whence the patriarch addressed the waiting people. Bishop Clark had much of the same impulse to work till the last remnant of his strength was gone. Though evidently dying, he reached the seat of the New York Conference at Peekskill in April last, rallied with painful effort what was left of bodily and mental vigor, opened the Conference with an address, and ordered the secretary to call the roll. It was a ghastly sight, and came near being death in the chair. He was carried to his lodgings, it was thought to die, but rallied sufficiently to be taken to his home in Cincinnati, where he breathed his last on Tuesday, May 23.

Bishop Clark was a man of vigorous understanding, a solid rather than brilliant preacher, an editor of much tact, and a painstaking author. Besides an elementary treatise on algebra, he wrote several religious works, one of the best of which was a "Life of Bishop Hedding."



THE COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS, DESTROYED MAY 16, 1871.

GENERAL DOMBROWSKI.

The ablest leader of the forces of the Commune during the recent siege was General Dombrowski, a portrait of whom is given on this page. There was a General Dombrowski among the great chiefs of the great army of the first Napoleon—that army which suffered at Moscow, and sustained defeat after defeat at Leipsic and the places where the French were outnumbered and beaten before the abdication of the Emperor. The present general, however, is not, as far as we have heard, any immediate relative to the Polish general of that time. He is one of the leading foreigners to whom the Commune has been compelled to intrust the work they have been unable to find French officers to accomplish. He was formerly a distinguished officer in the Russian Army of the Caucasus, but fought for the Polish cause in 1863, when he threw his whole energy into the struggle for independence, and was at last seized by Russian police and imprisoned at Warsaw, whence he was afterward removed to Moscow. The governor of the prison, however, had in his service a man who had served with Dombrowski in the Caucasus, and with the aid of this generous fellow, who procured for him a disguise, he contrived to escape, and eventually effected the liberation of his wife also, when they both sought refuge in France. There he was subject to the accusation of having circulated forged notes of the Russian Bank; but, after inquiry, he was acquitted by the jury.

In the field operations for the defense of Paris against the Versailles troops, General Dombrowski displayed very great military talent and ability for command. Isolated as Paris was from the rest of France, the failure of the Communist revolution was only a question of time. In the terrible fighting that took place in the streets of Paris on May 23 General Dombrowski was wounded, and endeavored to make his escape from the city. He was turned back by the Prussians, captured by the Versailles troops, and subsequently shot.

THE PLACE VENDÔME COLUMN.

Fifty years and eleven days after the death of Napoleon at St. Helena a frantic Parisian mob tore down the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme by which the conqueror of Austerlitz had hoped to immortalize the military glories of his reign. The column was built of bronze, and its proportions were nearly those of the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome, the height of the latter being 132 and that of the former 135 feet. It was completely covered with bass-reliefs in bronze representing the long series of splendid victories through which the genius of the great soldier had conducted the armies of revolutionary France up to that crowning "Battle of the Emperors," over which the sun of the Napoleons has ever since till now been standing in story and in song. Austerlitz was fought and won in December, 1805. Twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon, captured in the unparalleled campaign which that day culminated in the final overthrow of the ancient German empire, were cast into the ornaments of this triumphal monument, which was surmounted by an admirable statue of the first Napoleon in his world-famous gray surtout and cocked hat.

The completion of the column was celebrated with great festivity in May, 1810. Five years afterward the allies entered Paris, but forebore laying hands upon the column itself, though, just as they caused the head of Napoleon to be painted out and that of Henry IV. to be painted in on the frescoed ceiling of the Senate House in the Luxembourg, so they fastened ropes around the neck of the bronze Emperor on the Vendôme column, and, hauling him down from his pride of place, raised thereon the white flag of the Bourbon lilies. In 1830 Louis Philippe made a compromise with the popular feeling toward the memory of the Emperor by restoring his statue to the top of the column. There it remained, keeping silent watch over Paris, until the "nephew of his uncle," in a fit of Cæsar worship, took down the characteristic figure in the surtout and cocked hat, and replaced it by a Roman Napoleon in the classic garb of antiquity. This was in 1866.

The illustration on page 525 shows the column as it stood before the exchange of statues. Had Napoleon III. refrained from this act of imperial folly, and left the column crowned with the original of the illustrious warrior, clad as his soldiers loved to see him, and as he figured in all the traditions of the people, it is possible the Parisians might have abstained from laying sacrilegious hands on this grand monument.

It is reported that the inspiration of the act of destruction came from Rochefort. Great efforts were made to save the column by private parties, and it is said that a million and a half of francs had been offered to the Commune by patriotic citizens for its ransom. But its fall was decreed. The details of its destruction are meagre, but picturesque. The first attempt to bring it down failed, owing to the breaking of the ropes reeved about the column. This occasioned a delay of two hours, during which the gentle populace came near to deciding that M. Abadie, the architect charged with the duty of taking down the column, ought to be hanged as an agent of the Versailles tyrant. Meanwhile, as the telegrams assure us, a great crowd of ladies, thronging the windows of the huge and solemn hotels which surround the Place Vendôme, watched and waited impatiently for the spectacle of their country's shame. At last the expected moment came. The grand column fell with a crash at half past five o'clock, lengthwise, in three vast blocks, into the Rue de la Paix, in which there had been prepared to receive it a deep bed of manure some twenty feet deep. The statue of the Emperor falling quite separately was set upon, smitten, and otherwise abused by the National Guards. Bits of bronze and stone flying here and there were fought for and carried away as relics or as trophies by the crowd.

There will be another gathering just as festive and enthusiastic when the column is restored, as it must be under any government that may govern France, be it republican, royal, or imperial.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MABEL'S SOLICITOR.

Mr. Simcoe was not one to let the grass grow under his feet when action (so long as it was not high action) was demanded of him; he made by telegraph the desired appointment with his London lawyer, and Mabel was informed of it by return of post. It had been arranged that she was to go to town that very day. Till the letter came she had been seriously impatient for its arrival; eager to utilize Michael's testimony in taking some step in defense of her little Georgey's rights. But now that matters had been set in train for that very end she began to have misgivings—not as to the justice nor even to the final success of his cause, but with respect to his personal safety. How would it be possible to give Horn Winthrop notice of hostilities—for such she well knew he would consider the most delicate suggestion for arranging their common differences to be—without affording him some hint of the place of her retreat; and, transported with fury as he would be, was it likely that any consideration of future advantage, or of retribution, would restrain him from taking some violent revenge? Nay, if every obstacle was overcome, and the case settled to his apparent satisfaction, would he not work his savage will at all hazards, even then? He was not one to be bound by recognizances, however heavy. She felt it would be impossible to impress others who did not know him as she did with a due sense of this peril.

So intensified were her apprehensions that, notwithstanding no bird of the air could as yet have carried the matter to Horn's ears, she had persuaded Michael to remain on guard at the cottage in her absence. Even this did not console her, for once upon her journey, when passing through some long-drawn tunnel, the monstrous supposition occurred to her: Suppose this very man were in Horn Winthrop's pay, and his corroboration of the Patagonian story only a ruse to gain her confidence, and thereby possession of the child! The next moment she was ashamed of herself for entertaining such a nightmare thought, and of Michael Baird of all men. If he were false, there was no truth in man. How nobly had he kept the "poor lady's" secret; and how nobly, too, had been the impulse which had caused him to reveal it! How touching, also, had been his desire that Horn should be lightly dealt with, for his mother's sake! Were such virtues as these to be assumed? and if not assumed, would this man harm the innocent, who had even stipulated for the tender treatment of the wicked? No; her child was safe enough in *his* hands. How strange it seemed that this witness, so long unfound, should, nevertheless, have been so close at hand; should have been within a mile or two, at most, of his old master; nay, had perhaps met him in the village street on that day of the picnic at the light-house, when so much that was eventful did happen! Again, as it had often and often been already, that scene in Anemone Bay was re-enacted in her mind; and again that thought occurred, which always called up an involuntary blush, "Where is Richard Thornton now, I wonder?"

Mabel had started early, and arrived at the London terminus about mid-day. Thickly veiled, and shrinking from the view of all who gazed at her—and they were many—Mabel hurried into a cab. It was the first time that the noise and bustle of the city had ever fallen on her ear; but she paid no heed to them. Her only thought was that among that endless throng of men Horn Winthrop might be passing by, and see her! She did not even speculate upon what sort of person this Mr. Oakleigh might be to whom she was accredited. Her fear was much too great to admit of shyness. Still, when she found herself in the lawyer's waiting-room, and the clerk had left her there alone, telling her that his master would be with her immediately, her eyes turned with some interest to the door when it opened to admit—if she could indeed believe her own eyes—Richard Thornton!

The astonishment was at least as great on his side.

"Miss Denham!—I mean Mrs. Winthrop," stammered he; "I—this is a most unexpected pleasure!"

For an instant Mabel had imagined the interview designed, and was inclined to resent the imposition that had been practiced on her; but it was impossible to believe his surprise was feigned. She held out her hand, which he took respectfully, and murmured a few words of greeting.

"I came here by appointment with a Mr. Oakleigh," then said she, composedly.

"My name is Oakleigh," answered he, simply. "It always was so, although for many years I was known by that of my adopted father. Since—since I last saw you, Mrs. Winthrop, circumstances have caused me to reassume it. Pray be seated. Of course I was unaware that I was to be honored with your confidence. Mr. Simcoe mentioned no names. But I hope that you will not refuse to intrust your case to my hands, though I do happen to prove an—an—old acquaintance."

Mabel hesitated. Her pride was wounded. Her cheeks were covered with a burning blush, not because she found herself face to face with her old lover, but with her creditor. "I have no choice, Mr. Oakleigh," said she, "since such is your name, but to consult you. I am acquainted with no other lawyer; and, indeed," she added, hastily, seeing a pained look on the other's face, "I know no reason why I should not employ your services. But before I do so, there is a private matter to arrange between ourselves. I must not forget I am your debtor—"

"Oh, madam," interrupted Richard, "that is past and gone, and may be well forgotten."

"I do not choose it to be forgotten," said Mabel, firmly. "What interest may be due, I know not; perhaps you would prefer to receive it without interest, except that of the genuine gratitude which I beg to tender for its use; but—I owe you two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds! owe *me?*" ejaculated Richard. "Indeed, you don't."

"I am sure, as a gentleman, you would not deceive me, Sir. But is it possible that I am mistaken in supposing that you sent, not, indeed, to me, but to Miss Martha Barr, at Brackmere, (at a time when we were certainly in sore strait), the sum I speak of, just three years ago?"

"Upon my honor, madam, I never did."

To Mabel this blow was a terrible one. It is awkward even to have credited your friend in the country with a hamper of game, the contents of which you have eaten in the firm belief that they came from his covers, and the enjoyment of which, you have written to him, was enhanced by the thought of the kindly donor; but such a mistake is nothing compared with thanking a gentleman for a pecuniary advance in error. In the case of the unhappy Mabel no fiasco could have been more complete, for she had not only credited him with the loan, but, as he could hardly fail to perceive, with the affection that dictated the loan. Her confusion and distress were such that she was unable to articulate a word.

"My dear madam," continued Richard, lightly, and yet with the utmost respect that tones could convey, "your mistake was a very simple one, and such as is every day brought under the notice of persons of my profession. A man, say—or a lady—who happens to meet with some reverse of fortune, has many friends, any one of whom may be easily credited with such pecuniary aid as you appear to have received. To avoid any sense of obligation (however mistaken) it is often sent anonymously, and, as in this case, is productive of misapprehension. To express a wish that I had been so fortunate as to be your creditor might be deemed impertinent; and yet I think I may say that the will was never wanting to her humble servant"—here he bowed with earnest gravity—"to help Miss Mabel Denham at all times—but only the power. At the time you speak of, indeed, dear madam, my whole worldly wealth would not much have exceeded the sum you speak of. I was living very poorly and humbly, for a certain purpose, now accomplished; but that is a matter of no interest. What I have alone to repeat is that I am unfortunately quite innocent of the good deed which you have imputed to me."

"And ignorant of it likewise?" inquired Mabel, struck with some inflection in the tone of his denial.

"I did not say that, madam. At the same time I am scarcely at liberty to—at least I have hitherto considered my knowledge of the matter as a sacred trust."

"I adjure you, Mr. Oakleigh," pleaded Mabel, "if you really know who sent me that unhappy gift, or loan, to name the quarter from which it came. It has caused me—little, doubtless, as the sender could have supposed—an infinity of wretchedness, pain, and humiliation. I pray you let all misunderstanding be at an end on that point, if you have power to end it."

"I have—I will do so," answered Richard, gravely. "Little, indeed, as you say, did the sender guess that what he designed as an assistance to you should prove a misfortune. It was Professor Flint, madam."

The tears came into Mabel's eyes, and a pang went to her tender heart, as she called to mind her recent thoughts of that old friend. "And he is dead," sighed she, "and beyond my thanks!"

"He is dead, madam; and when he died I lost the best friend I ever had on earth. It is thanks to the wealth he bequeathed me that you see me in this place. He left me all he had. Among his private papers, which it was my duty to peruse, I found (among other far more convincing proofs of the estimation—nay, the affection—in which he held you, madam) a memorandum of that two hundred pounds, and its destination."

"But why did he send it to my cousin, and not to me?"

"For the same reason that he sent it anonymously, madam: to conceal the sender."

"But why should he conceal himself?"

"I do not know, madam; though, perhaps," added Richard, softly, "I could guess."

Mabel asked no more. She understood him as well as if he had said, "The old man loved you as a father, and yet not always as a father. Perhaps he could not trust himself to hear you thank him." The amulet she wore about her neck, and about which Fred had rallied her, might really, then, have been not only a keepsake, but a love-token! She felt no impulse now to smile at it on that account; nay, it was dearer to her for that very reason.

There ensued an awkward silence, which Richard was the first to break.

"With respect to the matter about which you wish to consult me, Mrs. Winthrop," observed he, with a professional dryness in his tone, for which the other felt truly grateful, "Mr. Simcoe has told me absolutely nothing."

Then Mabel gave him a succinct account of her own affairs, as we are already acquainted with them, except that she did not speak of Horn's persecution of her during her married life. She did not, however, omit to paint the terror with which he had inspired her, both on her own account and on that of her child, in vivid colors; and to impress on her companion the absolute indispensability, whatever proceedings he might think proper to take, of keeping secret the place of her abode. "In addition to the satisfaction that I must needs experience in finding that I place my case in the hands of an old friend," concluded she, "it is a consoling reflection to me that you yourself are acquainted with Horn Winthrop, and will therefore not set down my fear of him as chimerical or exaggerated."

"I know Mr. Horn Winthrop very well," said Richard, quietly. "Still the law is accustomed to deal with even men as violent and unscrupulous as he. It is a pity that in such a case we can not take strong measures at once, since conciliatory ones will, in my opinion, not only be thrown away, but be taken as proof of weakness. However, your wish to deal tenderly with this gentleman, as well as the necessity of avoiding a public scandal, demand the latter course. I will consult with my partner, who is more learned in such matters than I am, and will let you know what we propose to do. At some future time, though not necessarily at present, it will be essential that I should see this Michael Baird."

Richard was about to say, "Should come down and see," but he restrained himself. Throughout the latter part of the interview he had weighed every word before he uttered it. He had not been less distressed than Mabel herself at the mistake into which she had fallen concerning that gift of the two hundred pounds; and, far from pressing the advantage which her misapprehension obviously afforded him (through its implication of his own affection), he had not only ignored her confusion, but had been studiously reserved, and even cold in manner, while he yearned to clasp his client in his arms. To some few men all is *not* fair in love and war, and Richard Oakleigh was incapable of taking advantage even of a woman. Moreover, it must be confessed, notwithstanding the particular circumstances of his bringing up, or perhaps because of them, he was of a stiff and independent spirit, and the reflection, that, if Mabel's story was true, she must shortly be placed in a social position much superior to his own, assisted him not a little in putting restraint upon himself.

Still, it cost him a great effort to talk face to face with his first love, looking, as she did, or seemed to him to look, more charmingly than ever, in such calm and frigid tones, conscious all the while that if even she had not loved him, she had at one time at least, by her own confession, been cognizant of his love for her. No one would have guessed the mutual relation that had once existed (and perhaps existed still) between those two, as the young lawyer—all arrangements having been settled between them—accompanied his fair client to the door, bade her respectful adieu, and ordered a clerk to mount the box-seat of her cab as an escort, when he would have given his ears to have played that part in person by her side.

CHAPTER XLV.

WAR IS DECLARED.

Richard Oakleigh was not himself a legal integer, but only a fraction of the firm of Ward, Lynes, and Oakleigh, the same house wherein he had been an articled clerk, and in which he had purchased a partnership by help of the fortune bequeathed to him by Professor Flint; Mr. Ward had long been translated to the regions reserved for deceased attorneys; but Mr. Lynes was still qualifying himself for that inheritance by the very sharpest attendance to business which it is possible for a septuagenarian to pay. He not only never *said* die, but never entertained such an idea at all. His mind was essentially secular, which was perhaps the reason that he had left the affairs of St. Etheldreda to be administered by his junior partner, and thereby introduced him to Mr. Simcoe's notice. He was rather attached to Richard than otherwise; he felt it as a compliment to his own administrative capacities—for Mr. Lynes looked into every thing, and sent his voice down every speaking-tube in the house—that the young man had become a principal in the firm where he had been a clerk; and yet he did not think him of quite sufficiently good material for the cutting out of an attorney; the wood (so to speak) was not hard enough, and had too many knots in it—scruples.

Richard, on his part, quite admitted Mr. Lynes's superior acumen as a lawyer; and, finding the old man at liberty, at once laid before him, stripped, of course, of all sentiment, the case that had just been submitted to himself.

"So that's your young widow's story, is it?" grunted this veteran, coolly, when it was concluded.

"That is *the case*," answered Richard, rather emphatically.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Lynes. "No woman ever stated a case yet—that could be called such. I don't believe one word about this man Michael, to begin with. He would have made money by what he knew long ago, if what he knew was really worth money. The whole matter must be thoroughly investigated before we move in it. It may be nothing but this woman's dream."

"Excuse me, Sir," said Richard; "but the facts which I have mentioned may, I am quite sure, be taken for granted. I know Mrs. Winthrop well, and can depend implicitly upon her statement—so far, of course, I mean," he added, hastily, "as her own good faith is concerned. She is altogether different—"

"Go on," said the old gentleman, quietly; "*pray* go on," for Richard had stopped suddenly, conscious that he was about to make himself ridiculous. He now felt angry, because he saw that he had already done so.

"All that I intended to trouble you about in this matter, Mr. Lynes," said he stiffly, "was to ask your valuable counsel with respect to the step—most probably the intermediate step—that should be taken with respect to Mr. Horn Winthrop. Is there no plan, think you, short of a writ of ejectment, by which this lady and her son can be put into part possession of their rights at once, and have the whole secured to them for the future? Can we not offer this man some compromise, and get him to execute a deed which may insure the reversion—"

"You can't make him promise not to marry, if you mean that," interrupted the old lawyer; "such undertakings have always been held contrary to public policy, and all the rest of it; and how are you to hold over this story of your ancient mariner until an opportune time arises for using it? There is no form of procedure for the perpetuation of testimony that can possibly apply to his case. In all probability his demise will take place years before that of the present tenant, and his mere affidavit would, of course, in that case be waste paper. Stuff and nonsense! We must establish a *lis*, and get his evidence taken without delay."

"But that would necessitate publicity, which is the very thing our client wishes to avoid," urged Richard.

"Well, there is certainly one way," said Mr. Lynes, gravely, "by which the estate can be secured to the lady during her life, and settled by agreement upon the boy afterward—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Richard, eagerly—"that's what we want. I was certain your sagacity would find out some plan. Well, well?"

"Let the present possessor—this Mr. Horn Winthrop—marry the widow!"

Richard Oakleigh's countenance exhibited such exceeding disgust and chagrin at this suggestion that his partner fairly roared with laughter.

"Why shouldn't he?" exclaimed he. "If he ain't her step-son he's no relation. They're both young people, and—"

"That is quite out of the question—quite, Sir," exclaimed Richard, indignantly, "and may be dismissed once for all from our consideration. What I had thought of doing in the matter is all, it seems, then, that can be done. Let us give Mr. Horn Winthrop notice of action—menace him with a writ of ejectment, but at the same time express our willingness to come to terms. Offer him a fourth of the income of the estate, for example, on condition of his giving up all future claim to it. He knows that he is not the rightful heir—my client has discovered so much; and though nothing is to be hoped for from his honesty, his sense of danger may well induce him to accede to favorable terms."

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Lynes, quietly, "you tell me this gentleman is a knave, and I very readily believe you; but you have not told me he is a fool. Unless I have positive testimony to that effect, my opinion is, that this intermediate step, as you have called it, is mere waste of time. A man is not to be frightened out of an estate of ten thousand a year by a mere threat, any more than a three-decker is to be brought to and made to haul down her flag by a blank shot. If you'll take my advice—and supposing your case to be as you state it to be—you'll give him ball."

When Mr. Lynes thus announced an opinion, his partner had known him long enough to be aware that nothing short of a decree of the Court of Chancery could annul or controvert it; so here the discussion ended.

Richard took his own line, and wrote by that evening's post to Horn, in the name of his firm, acting as solicitors for Mrs. Winthrop, in much the same terms as he had sketched out; and not without some misgivings, as well as impatience, awaited the reply.

His letter reached Wapshot Hall on the ensuing morning. It was mid-July, and intensely hot. Horn, whose potations had of late been deeper than ever, had passed a sleepless night, and had gone out, with his constant companion, Fang, for an early stroll in the park. When the master was out of temper it was always a bad time for the dog, and so it happened in the present case. If the lord of Wapshot removed for an instant from his mouth the short black pipe, the smoke from which was poisoning the pure morning air, it was that he might swear at his four-footed friend with greater vigor. If he troubled himself with any personal exertion, it was to pick up stones and pelt his bull-dog. Such conduct was calculated to try the best-regulated of canine tempers, and Fang's temper was not a good one. The sultriness of the weather had affected him for some time, and made him more than ever the terror of the village; he was out of sorts, too, as respected his general health—in consequence, it was supposed, of having recently killed a peacock, the ornament of the terrace, and Mrs. Merthyr's especial pet, and eaten him, feathers and all. Horn's curses were responded to by growls, his flying stones by a menacing exhibition of teeth. "Very good," said Horn, in his grim way, after one of these latter manifestations of rebellion; and he tore down a branch of a tree, and began to strip it. With blood-shot eyes, and his great red tongue lolling out of his mouth, Fang watched this operation with well-grounded suspicion.

"Come here," said Horn, in the mild tone that he sometimes affected when he was about to be particularly brutal. "I am going to beat you."

On such occasions, which were not unfrequent, Fang would come to his master crawling on his stomach, as a Siamese nobleman approaches his king, and uttering menacing but terrified yowls; but this time he gave one short, sharp bark, half despair, half defiance, depressed his apology for a tail to the lowest angle of which it was capable, and ran home as straight as a bee-line!

"I'll kill him," said Horn, confidentially. Perhaps the still, small voice of conscience was not so wholly stifled in the man's heart but that it made some mild remonstrance against this stern decree; perhaps the voice of universal nature, speaking in song of bird and babble of brook, under that windless sky, seemed to make some appeal for mercy; for he added, as though in answer, "I will, by George"—only he did not say "George." Then he turned, stick in hand, and strolled homeward. He cast a hasty glance round the great hall, where he always breakfasted with his dog, but the offending animal was not to be seen. He sat down to table, humming some music-hall ditty, and was about to help himself to meat, for his appetite was always excellent, when his eye lit on a letter lying by his plate, marked "private." The writing was unknown to him, and not at all of that description which he was accustomed to associate with confidential correspondence. What the deuce was up? He had had no lawyers' letters since he had come into his property, and yet this looked confoundedly like one! With an ejaculation of contempt he tore it open, and ran his eyes over the contents. Then he leaped to his feet with a great oath, and lifted the heavy chair with his hands as if it had been a feather. His impulse was to destroy something, if not somebody, on the instant. A living object unfortunately presented itself. The bull-dog, who had lain hidden under the table, now crawled into view, imagining, perhaps, that he had been already discovered, and that the lifting of the chair was the commencement of hostilities. Horn chopped at the dog savagely with this implement, which, missing his head, came down with crushing violence on one of his fore-paws. With a howl of anguish Fang flew at his master, made his teeth meet just above his left wrist, and hung there like a leech. Horn snatched a knife, and rained stabs upon him with his disengaged hand, any one of which would have let out a human life; but a bull-dog is not so easily killed. It seemed, indeed, as though, knowing he was to die, the creature had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. Even when he was slain he still hung on, a *dead* weight, to Horn's fore-arm; and he had to ring the bell and get help before those iron jaws could be unclosed and made to set him free. The wound was a very severe one, and the assistant village doctor (who had been summoned in his principal's absence) at once pronounced that it would take weeks to effect a cure, and in the mean time that complete rest was absolutely necessary for the patient.

"But I want to go to town at once," cried Horn, in a frenzy.

"To do so would be to risk your life," was the grave reply.

"I must not do that, then," said Horn, with sudden quietness, "because I have some work to do before I die."

The apothecary, who was a recent arrival at Wapshot, was astonished at the patience and philosophy of this young gentleman, concerning whom he had heard such wild tales. The fact was that Horn Winthrop's heart was a volcano of pent-up rage. Not only were the contents of that morning's letter of a description to arouse his wildest ire, informing him, as they did, that his title to Wapshot was disputed, and that his step-mother's case had found a champion; but, what was more bitter than all—he at once recognized in that champion Richard Thornton himself! His endeavors to discover Mrs. Winthrop's hiding-place had been unceasing, and he had left no stone unturned to effect that object. As in all other directions likely to lead to it, so had he pushed his inquiries into the affairs of the man whom he knew to have been once Mabel's lover, if he was not so still, and had learned all concerning him—how he had been made comparatively rich by Professor Flint's demise, and had changed his name, and become a partner in a house of lawyers; that he was, in fact, the Oakleigh of this very firm, and doubtless the actual composer of their precious epistle.

Mabel was correct in her conviction that Horn was well aware of his own illegitimacy; but the same voice that had in its woful passion informed him of the fact had assured him that it was beyond all human proof. His wrath, then, was in no degree mitigated by fear; and, indeed, if the danger in which he stood had been fully revealed to him—which it had not, for Richard's letter had been most prudent—there would have been still no place in his fierce heart for thought of consequences. Such, indeed, was the heat of his passion that he could not even bring himself to dissemble, though by affecting to treat with his enemies he might probably have obtained an opportunity of discovering Mabel's dwelling-place. His fury was too great for cunning; in his present crippled state, however, he could do nothing save hurl defiance and insult; and this accordingly he did.

Instead of replying to the communication of the firm, he penned to Richard Oakleigh personally a letter full of the vilest insinuations with respect to Richard's partisanship in Mabel's affairs. It was couched in such infamous terms that the recipient did not even show it to his partner—a piece of reserve which afforded that gentleman immense satisfaction.

"I told you what would come of it beforehand," chuckled he. "You've robbed your client of six-and-eightpence, and got a sharpish rap over your own knuckles, *I* can see."

Richard wrote to Hillsborough to state that his attempt to come to terms with Horn had failed, and that further conciliation was out of the question; and received a reluctant consent from Mrs. Winthrop to resort to stronger measures. That ponderous stone-crusher, "the engine of the law," was accordingly put in motion at its usual very moderate rate of speed. In the course of a few weeks a dapper clerk arrived at Wapshot, and placed in Mr. Horn's own hand a document commencing, "VICTORIA, by the Grace of God," etc., and citing that gentleman, within sixteen days of service, to appear at our court—though not at St. James's—in default whereof judgment might be signed, and he put out of possession.

It was lucky for the dapper clerk that Fang was no longer in the flesh, for otherwise he would most assuredly have been set at him by his outraged master; and also that Horn was still so crippled by his wound that the office of kicking him down stairs was deputed to Murk—a man ever open to compromise and half a sovereign.

For days afterward the master of Wapshot Hall was dangerous to approach, and shirked by every servant in the house: he drank more deeply than ever; slept less; perambulated the park and village at untimely hours; and one fine night in August, after rambling forth as usual, did not return home at all. His bed had not been slept in; the brandy bottle by its side—a still more convincing proof of his absence—remained untouched. Horn Winthrop had disappeared. "He's been very queer for the last six weeks," said Murk next morning, "and I only hope he hasn't come to harm." Nobody else hoped that; not even Murk himself was so sanguine as to expect that he had come to any good.

THE DUKE'S MITTENS.

IN the winter of 1847, says the author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," the wife of an industrious blacksmith in Essex resolved to knit a pair of mittens for the Duke of Wellington, as she had to ask his Grace a favor, to which the gift was to be introductory.

The mittens were received at Apsley House, and the Duke wore them the same day at the Horse-Guards, showing them, with a smile, to his military colleagues there, and desiring that the honest dame's request might be immediately attended to. She stated that her husband had been one of his Grace's soldiers, and that he had had the misfortune of losing his Waterloo medal, which he had always worn on the anniversary of his marriage. She stated that this anniversary was again approaching, and that she would ever feel deeply grateful if the Duke would allow another medal to be issued, as the loss had seriously affected her husband's spirits. She would only further trespass on his Grace so far as to solicit that the medal should be sent to her privately, as she wrote without her husband's knowledge, and wished to give her partner an agreeable surprise on the arrival of the wedding-day.

This was speedily approaching. The Duke had ordered that her request should be attended to, but the poor wife had received no medal. She accordingly ventured to address a second letter to the Duke: this was soon known at the Horse-Guards. His Grace arrived there one morning in a towering passion, dashed the letter down on the table, and demanded to know why his orders had been neglected. The matter had been overlooked. An instant reference was made to a gentleman in Essex, who inquired if the claim was a correct one; this proving to be the case, the medal was dispatched without delay, but whether in time for the nuptial day is uncertain.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A VALUABLE contribution to the science of animal culture, if we may use the term, is found in the report of a commission appointed in Ireland to inquire into the methods of oyster culture in the United Kingdom and France, with a view to the introduction of improved methods of cultivation. This appears to be by far the most complete and practical account of the subject that has yet been published, including, as it does, the investigations prosecuted under public and private auspices in the different countries of Europe. After a discussion of the oyster fisheries of England, and giving a description of the different methods and places of culture, it remarks, in conclusion, that while not concurring in the opinion put forward by some as to the extraordinary profits to be realized from oyster cultivation, the commissioners believe that, if judiciously undertaken and prudently and perseveringly carried out, it is profitable, and that there is much to encourage an enterprise of the kind. It also states that Ireland possesses external advantages for the culture, on account of the feeding process being attended with so little risk, and thinks that ten times the amount of oysters now actually gathered in Ireland could find a ready sale. A summary of the principal laws relating to oyster culture in different countries of Europe, with tables of temperatures and other information, concludes the report, which is well illustrated with drawings of the oyster in its different stages of growth, and plans of the localities where the business of oyster raising is prosecuted.

At the annual meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Club, held on the 11th of May last, the old officers were re-elected—namely, Mr. ROYAL PHELPS, president; Mr. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, vice-president; Mr. W. J. HAYS, secretary; and Messrs. A. W. CRAVEN, C. E. WHITEHEAD, and B. L. SWAN, members of the executive committee. Congratulations were exchanged by the members upon the recent passage of a new game law, which was stated to be most ingeniously devised in view of the interests of the community, as well as of the different kinds of fish and game found within the limits of the State of New York.

According to the *Athenæum*, Mr. DARWIN has presented to the University of Cambridge a remainder of the collections in invertebrate zoology made by him during the celebrated voyage of the *Beagle*. These will form a desirable addition to the treasures which the museum of the University is rapidly accumulating under the superintendence of Professor ALFRED NEWTON. The museum has for some time been in possession of the collections of Mr. WILLIAM SWAINSON, embracing a large number of types of his descriptions of new species of birds. The extensive collection of birds and eggs of Western North America of the late JAMES HEPBURN, a gentleman well known to naturalists of the United States, has also lately come into the possession of the same establishment.

An address was delivered during the past winter before the Legislature of Michigan upon the artificial propagation of fish, and the restocking of the public waters of the State, by the Hon. N. W. CLARK; and with a summary of what has been done in other regions he gives his own experience in the way of breeding trout and other fish. He is quite inclined to recommend very urgently the introduction of the white-fish of the lakes into waters not at present occupied by them, and thinks that, in consequence of the experiments of Mr. SETH GREEN, and Mr. WILMOT, of Ontario, all the practical difficulties that have hitherto presented themselves in rearing these animals can be made to disappear.

The demand for dried palmetto leaves, to which we have before had occasion to refer, seems to be kept up, as late advices from Liverpool renew the invitation of produce brokers for consignments in any amount, for which the sum of $120 in gold per ton is offered.

At the meeting of the New York Lyceum, held on the 15th of May, the president, Professor NEWBERRY, of Columbia College, gave a summary of what was being done in the line of geological exploration throughout America—a task he was well qualified to perform, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject, and from his own connection with one of the most important of these enterprises. He congratulated the Lyceum upon the prospect that what he called the Chinese puzzle of New England geology is in a fair way to be worked out during the present season, by means of the concurrent labors of several eminent geologists. Among these he mentioned Sir WILLIAM LOGAN, late director of the Geological Survey of Canada, Professor C. H. HITCHCOCK, the State Geologist of Vermont, and Professors SHALER and HYATT of Eastern Massachusetts. Professor DANA also proposes to carry a geological section from the valley of the Connecticut to that of the Hudson.

The following additional items were mentioned in the communication of Professor NEWBERRY: The geological survey of Canada will be continued under the direction of Mr. A. R. C. SELWYN, who succeeded Sir WILLIAM LOGAN in its chief direction.

The Ohio Legislature has appropriated $21,000 for continuing the survey of that State, and $18,000 for publication of the results; and the field work, it is hoped, will be substantially completed during the present season. This survey, as our readers are aware, is under the direction of Professor NEWBERRY himself; and his corps, which has been employed for some time, will be increased by Professor J. T. HODGE, Professor J. H. STEVENSON, and others, for the purpose of more speedily finishing the work.

Professor WINCHELL has resigned the directorship of the geological survey of Michigan; but the work will be carried on by the board of trustees, Major BROOKS devoting himself to the iron region. Professor PUMPELLY declines to continue the survey of the copper district, and asks that the small appropriation made be turned over to Major BROOKS. The current surveys of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri are to be continued during the year, and a new survey has been authorized in Arkansas. No positive appointment of director for this work has yet been made, although the place has been offered to Professor ORTON, of the Ohio geological corps, and declined by him. Bills providing for surveys of Pennsylvania and West Virginia were introduced into the Legislatures of those States during the past winter, but failed to become laws.

Our zoological readers will be interested to know that the Zoological and Botanical Society of Vienna proposes to publish a continuation to the end of 1868 of the "Nomenclator Zoologicus" of Professor AGASSIZ. This work was intended to give the names of all the genera proposed in the animal kingdom, with an indication of their original dates and places of publication, their etymology, and any duplicate use which may have been made of them, and, although extending only to 1846, it is still an indispensable manual to the naturalist. The supplementary volume is to be prepared by Count MARSCHALL, who has also just completed an index to the last ten volumes of the publications of the Society just mentioned. Another memoir, announced under the same auspices, will treat of insects injurious to agriculture, and is prepared by Mr. G. KÜNSTLER.

The semi-annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society was held in Boston on the 26th of April last, and the usual business of such meetings transacted. The report of the council was occupied, in great part, by a discussion on prehistoric archæology and sepulchral tumuli, and the different periods of the early transmigration of races, having special reference to the origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. The funds of the society were stated to amount to over $73,000; and, according to the librarian, about twelve hundred bound volumes and over three thousand pamphlets were added to the library during the last six months.

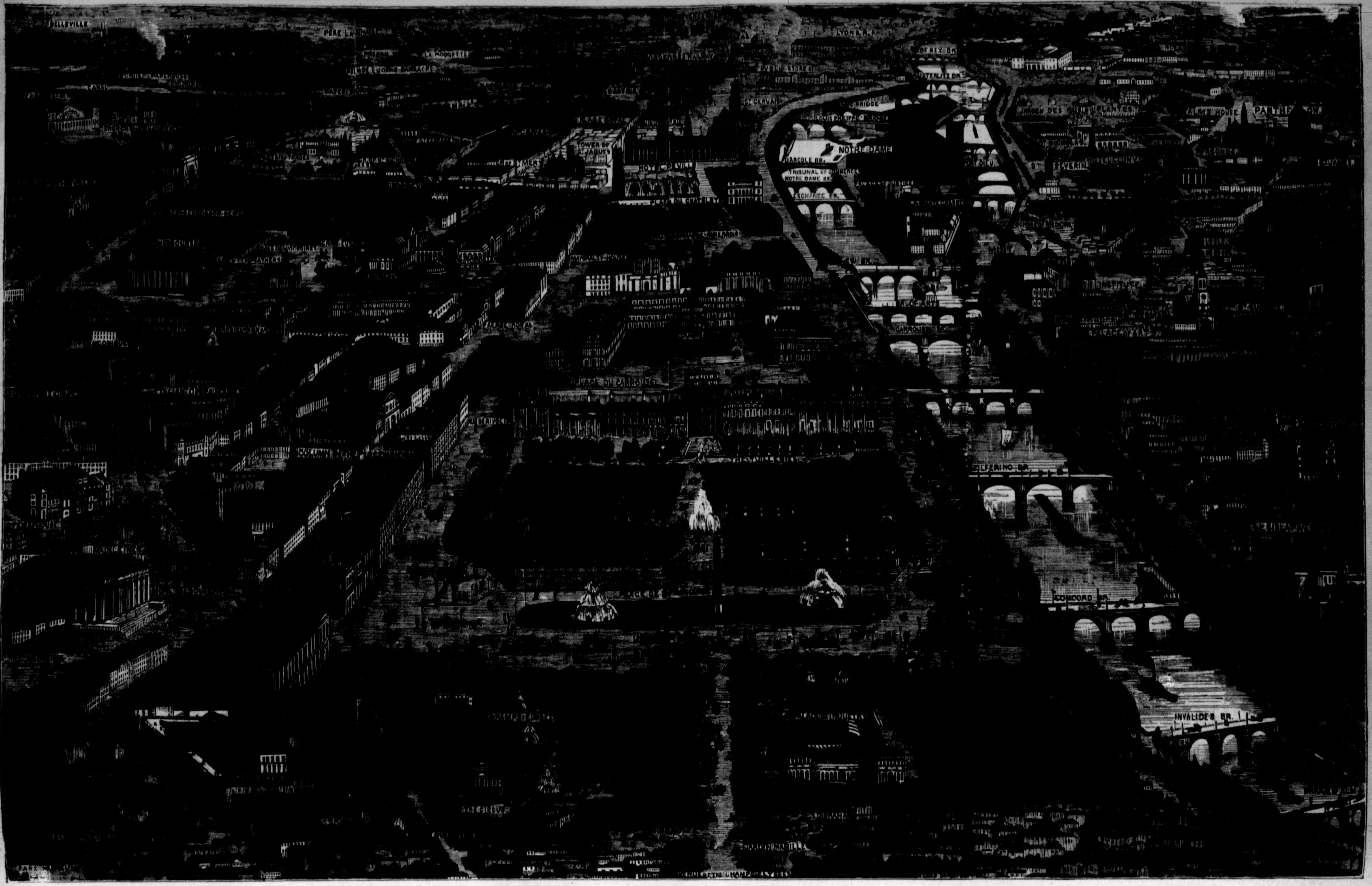
The Virginia State steamer *Tredegar* is now cruising in the Potomac for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of the fishing laws of the State, among which is the prohibition of any capture of fish by seines or gill-nets after the 1st of June.

The subject of the Gulf Stream is one of great interest both in a scientific and practical point of view, influencing, as it does, the climate of the North Atlantic over an immense extent in latitude as well as in longitude. By far the most thorough and reliable account of this current was published about a year ago by Dr. PETERMANN, the eminent geographer of Gotha; and we are glad to learn that a careful translation of this paper has been made by the United States Hydrographic Office, under the direction of Captain WYMAN, United States navy, with the consent of Dr. PETERMANN, and will be published in a handsome quarto volume of four or five hundred pages, well illustrated with maps and charts.

We have already referred to Dr. HOOKER's visit to Morocco in the interest of science. In the last number of *Nature* we find an interesting communication in regard to his movements. A few days before its date his party had ascended Beni Hosmar, a mountain which had been previously visited by but one botanist, Mr. WEBB, and that forty years ago. The summit was not reached, although an ascent of 3500 feet was accomplished. At this point a superb view was had across the Mediterranean to the Spanish coast, and southward to the snowy crests of Beni Hassan.

According to *Nature*, the meetings of the French Academy of Sciences still continue to be held, notwithstanding the disturbances in Paris, there having been eighteen members present at the session on the 21st of April last. Among these was Professor SIMON NEWCOMB, of the Washington Observatory, an astronomer of high rank, who, after taking part in the observation of the eclipse in December last, remained in Europe for the purpose of gathering information and securing copies of observations in reference to the perturbations of the planets, with a view, especially, of ascertaining whether there be not some planet of our system exterior to those already discovered, whose existence and orbit may be revealed by the study of the perturbations in question. Since that date Professor NEWCOMB has returned to Washington.

Among the United States government explorations to be prosecuted during the present year, we should not omit to mention that of the Lake Survey under the Engineer Bureau. This work has been in progress for a number of years, and in the reliability of the observations and the beauty of the maps published occupies the very first rank. The work is at present under the charge of General C. B. COMSTOCK, and will be carried on in several localities simultaneously. The survey of Lake St. Clair, which was nearly finished last year, will be completed the present season; and the party, on finishing it, will then proceed to the St. Lawrence River, in the neighborhood of Ogdensburg, and there carry on their labors. Both shores of Lake Michigan will be surveyed during the season, commencing at Sheboygan on the eastern shore, and at a point north of Grand Haven on the western. It is expected that the whole will be completed as far south as Kenosha before operations are interrupted for the winter. Triangulations will be conducted along Lake Michigan between Green Bay and Milwaukee. In addition to the hydrographical and surveying work prosecuted by these parties, great attention is paid to securing reliable data in regard to the meteorology of the country, with the special view of determining the average conditions of rain-fall and other phenomena. The data already collected have been of great value, and have done much toward supplying accurate information.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EXCHANGE BR.
PALACE OF JUSTICE
TOWER OF ST. JAQUES
HOTEL DE VILLE
PLACE DU CHATELET
MAYORALTY HOUSE
HOTEL DIEU
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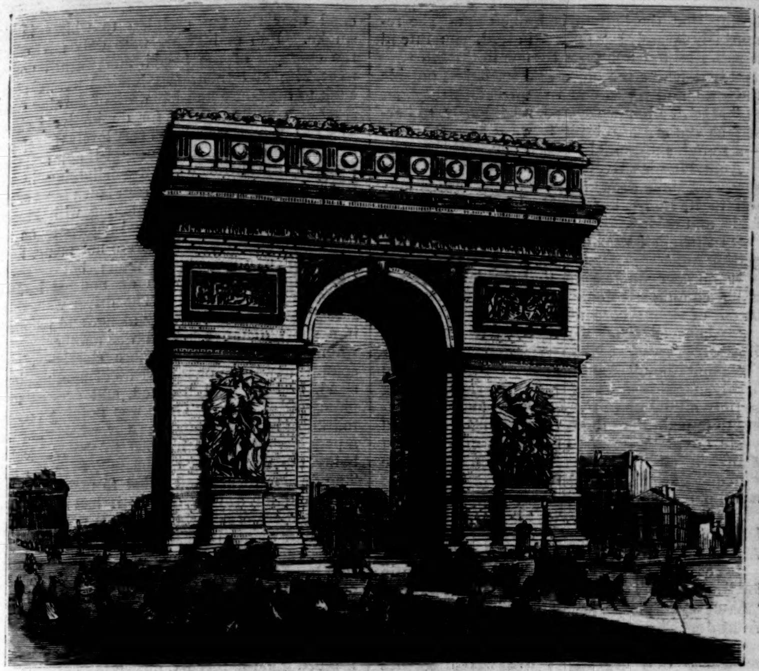
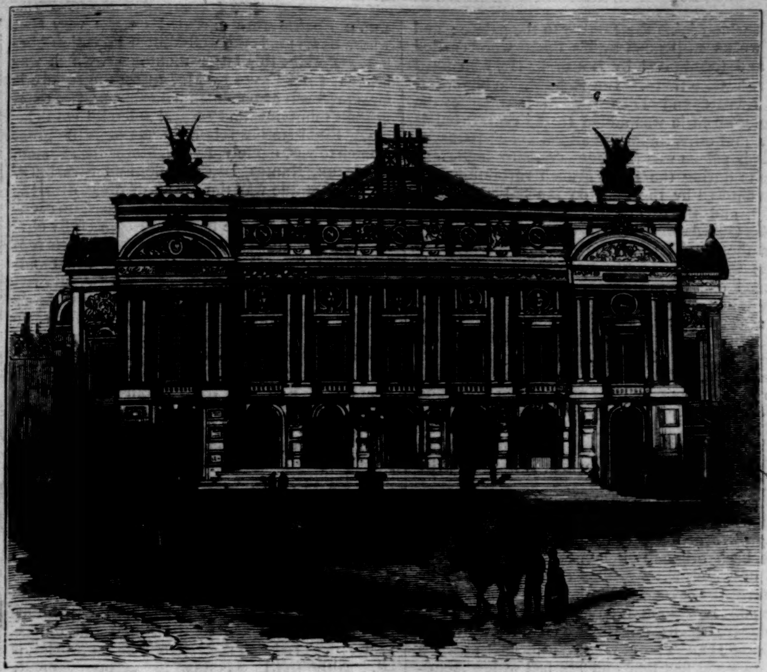
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED BY THE COMMUNISTS.—[See Page 529.]



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



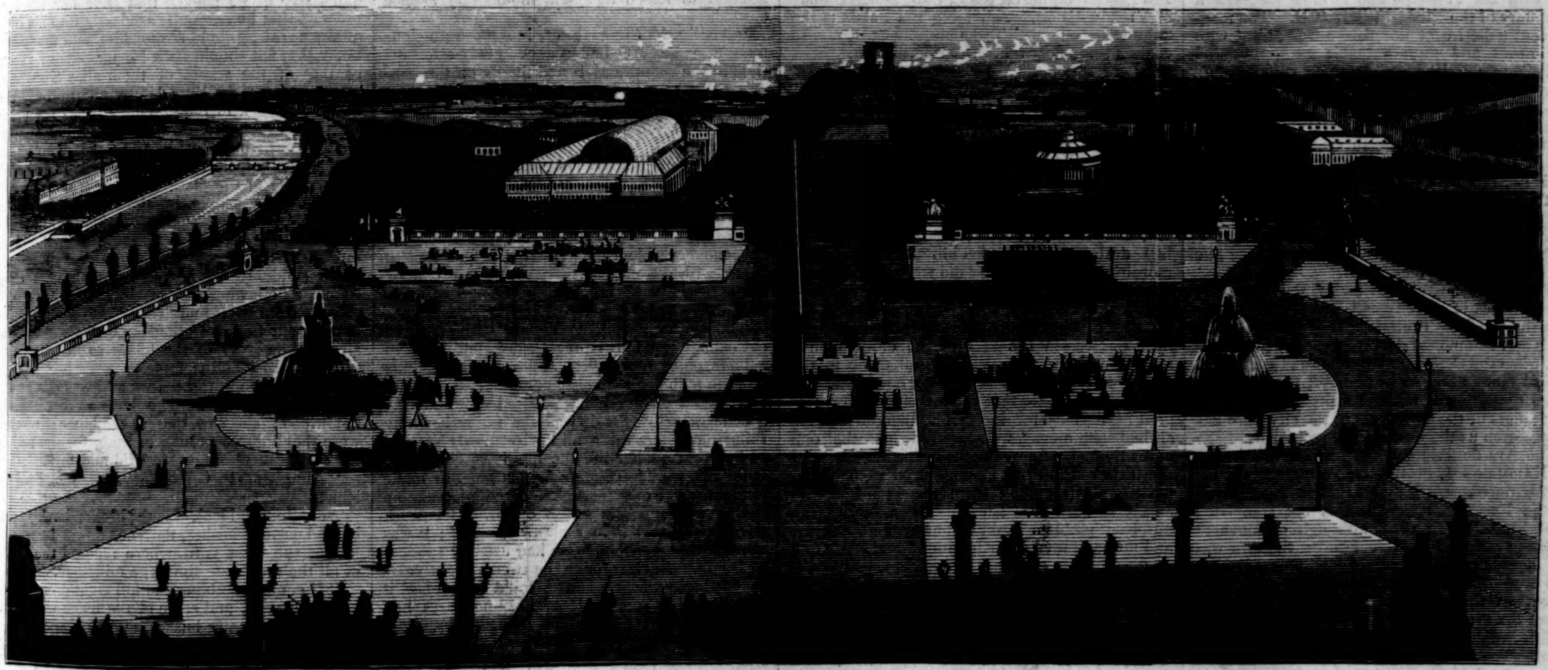
THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

PARIS IN FLAMES.

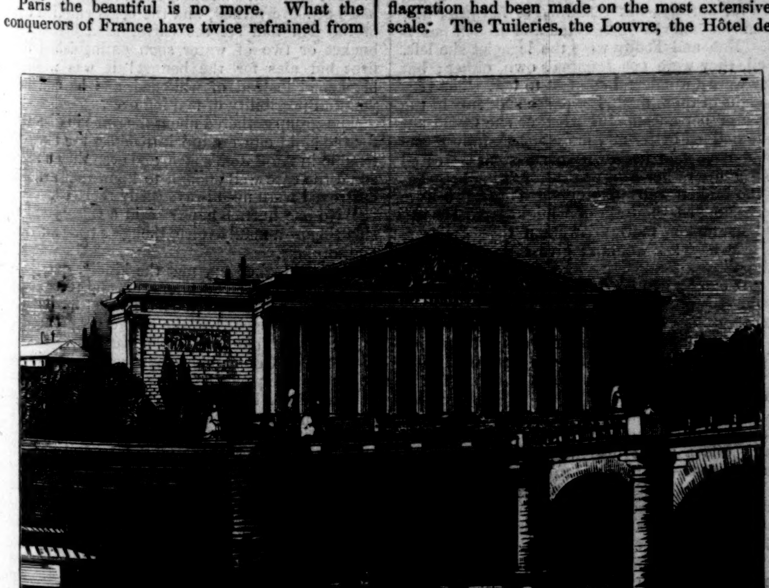
THE striking picture on our first page this week requires no comment or explanation at our hands. It tells its own story, and enforces its own moral.

Paris the beautiful is no more. What the conquerors of France have twice refrained from doing its own sons have done. In their madness they have set the torch to the most magnificent portions of the city, and reduced them to ashes. There might have been some excuse for them had this been done in the frenzy of defeat; but it is evident that preparations for the conflagration had been made on the most extensive scale. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Palais Royal had been undermined and stored with inflammable materials, ready for firing should the attack of the Versailles troops be successful.

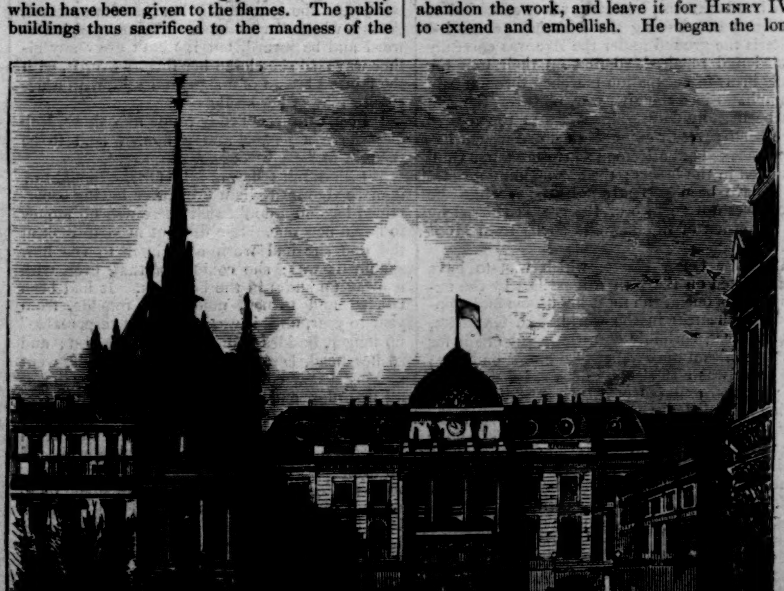
The bird's-eye view on the opposite page includes the most interesting portions of the city which have been given to the flames. The public buildings thus sacrificed to the madness of the mob were among the most splendid monuments of architecture in Europe. The palace of the Tuileries had a history extending over centuries. The foundation was laid in 1564, by CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. A prediction bidding her beware of St. Germain and the Tuileries caused her to abandon the work, and leave it for HENRY IV. to extend and embellish. He began the long



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

PARIS AS IT WAS BEFORE THE SECOND SIEGE.

work which joins the Louvre to the palace; and the works suspended by his death were carried on and terminated by Louis XIII., who fixed his residence there. Louis XIV. having ordered Levan and D'Orbay to harmonize the whole, an attic was added to the central buildings, and other important alterations were made.

This palace was the scene of many important events during the great French revolution. It was entered by the mob on the 20th of June, 1792, and there, in the following August, the Swiss Guards were attacked and massacred. It was the official residence of Napoleon when First Consul, and when he became Emperor it formed one of the imperial palaces. In 1808 Napoleon began the northern gallery, to serve as a communication with the Louvre. After the Restoration the Tuileries continued to be the chief residence of the king and royal family. There Louis Philippe resided from his accession to the throne in 1830 until driven into exile in 1848. During the reign of Napoleon III. it was his official residence. The exterior of the palace was grand and imposing, although, owing to the different periods at which it was built, the architecture was not uniform.

The Louvre, which has been seriously damaged though not destroyed by the Commune, was also the growth of many centuries. It is thought to have been originally a hunting-lodge, upon the site of which a tower was erected in 1214 by Philip Augustus to serve as a state-prison and arsenal. It was enlarged and embellished under successive reigns, and finally completed by Napoleon III. The old Louvre formed nearly a square—576 feet long and 538 feet wide—inclosing a quadrangle of about 400 feet square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art. The new Louvre, the completion of which was celebrated on the 17th of August, 1857, consists of two lateral piles of buildings projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries which join the old Louvre with the Tuileries, and forming the eastern boundary of the Place du Carrousel. The magnificent galleries of this palace were filled with the rarest and most valuable antiquities and artistic productions that France could secure through the reigns of successive sovereigns, who made additions to it a subject of pride and emulation. As the valuable paintings were removed during the Prussian siege of Paris, the world will not have to deplore the irreparable loss their destruction would entail.

The Palais Royal and the Palace of the Legion of Honor, both remarkable buildings, and both associated with much that is most interesting in the history of Paris, have shared the fate of the edifices just mentioned.

Facing the bird's-eye view of Paris we give five sketches of the city as it was—of Paris before the invading Teutons had come before her walls and summoned the proud capital to surrender, when the Commune was regarded as an ideal radical fancy never to be realized, when the imperial dynasty still reigned supreme, and when the leaders of the destroyers of the city were unknown even as the obscurest of politicians.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile was begun by Napoleon I. in 1806 to commemorate his great campaigns. Its construction was delayed by the Restoration, and it was not completed until 1836. Even then, although ornamented with the most splendid sculptures, the Arc was not considered to be completely finished, as it had been originally proposed to place some monument on the top. When the Prussian siege began the utmost care was taken to protect this edifice from the effects of the expected bombardment. The most valuable sculptures were boarded up, and large quantities of sand were placed round it to deaden the explosion of the shells. The top was utilized as a look-out station, and a semaphore and an electric light were erected there to communicate with the forts. The German bombardment, however, never extended to this quarter. During the Prussian occupation of Paris the ground under the Arc was carefully leveled and repaired, so that on their exit the whole army of occupation marched through it in triumph. Since the civil war, however, the Arc has been sadly damaged, several of the figures have been severely injured—a horse's head has been knocked off, a Roman's arm broken, a Gaul wounded in the breast; the surrounding granite posts have been perfectly pulverized, while the whole western surface of the Arc is starred by the explosion of innumerable shells from Mont Valérien.

The new Opera-House, which was to have been opened on the 15th August last by the ex-Emperor, is one of the most handsome and commodious theatres in the world. M. Garnier, the architect, certainly deserved great credit for the magnificent appearance of the new building; but there was a superfluity of *N's*, imperial laurel wreaths, and outspread Napoleonic eagles, which offended the Parisian taste even in the days before the *déchéance*. On the whole, however, the Parisians were highly delighted with their new edifice, and anxiously looked forward to the time when its acoustic qualities would be tested by the thrilling voice of a Patti, Nilsson, or Carvalho. When the siege began the building was used as a gigantic bakery, flour store, powder magazine, and telegraph station. It was strongly fortified by the Communists, and suffered greatly during the street fight before its capture by the Versailles troops.

The Place de la Concorde, situated between the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries, is the most beautiful square of Paris. Constructed by Louis XV., it has successively borne the names of its founder, De la Révolution, De la Concorde, and, for a short time, that of Louis XVI. Under Napoleon it was re-named the Place de la Concorde, by which name it has ever since been known. In the Reign of Terror the guillotine was established here, and Louis XVI. and Philippe *Egalité* were executed on the very spot where now stands the well-known Egyptian obelisk. Besides this latter monument, which was brought from Egypt [illegible] M. Lebas, the square is most profusely ornamented with statues, two magnificent fountains, and several splendid candelabra. Eight statues relatively represent the great French towns, namely, Lyons, Marseilles, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, Brest, Lille, and Strasburg. This last statue was the object of great ovations during the siege, and during the Prussian occupation the faces of the figures were carefully covered with crape. The two fountains, which represent the "seas" and the "rivers," are handsomely decorated with Tritons, Nereids, and maritime genii, while at the entrance of the Champs Elysées stand the famous horses of Marly, so justly considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Couston.

The Palais Bourbon, better known as the Chamber of Deputies, was built in 1722 by the Duchess of Bourbon, from whom it derived its name. It was not finished, however, until 1789. It was chosen in 1795 for the sittings of the Five Hundred, and has since served as the place of meeting for all the deliberative assemblies which have sat in Paris. Here, in 1830, Louis Philippe was proclaimed; and here, in 1848, the Duchesse d'Orleans came to seek a refuge for herself and her children; but on the very same day the Chamber was invaded by the mob, and the republic proclaimed. Here also the Corps Législatif of the second empire held its stormy *séances;* while here, on the 4th of September last, the dethronement of the Napoleonic dynasty was declared and the republic again proclaimed. Although in a bombarded arrondissement, the building was not hit during the first siege.

The Palais de Justice is the oldest building in Paris excepting the Palais des Ternes. It was built in 1245 by St. Louis, and is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The most notable feature of the exterior is a splendid clock tower, while inside is the well-known hall of the *Pas Perdus*, immortalized in the "Notre Dame" of Victor Hugo. Adjoining the Palais is the Sainte Chapelle, which was built by St. Louis to contain some holy relics from Jerusalem.

AUNT JEM'S BONNET.

Did you ever watch a canary flying about in its cage, and turning its head knowingly from side to side, as if it were in deep meditation upon some subject through all its restless hurry? Well, very much after that same fashion, Miss Jemima Veer went flitting about in the little drab house under the hill one bright spring morning. She shook out the white muslin curtains with a tender respect for their old age, and arranged them so that the darns should not show, placed a cushion carefully over damages wrought by little feet in the seat of the old-fashioned rocking-chair, and dusted the tall clock in the corner as faithfully as if its long hand were not missing. In truth, that room was a sort of hospital for disabled furniture; but then the invalids all had such a cozy, well-cared-for look that one never thought of noticing their deficiencies; and the little brown-eyed, brown-haired woman who bustled about among them was as bright and cheery as need be. But this day there was an unsolved problem looking out from the eyes, and now and then Miss Jemima would come to a momentary pause in her occupation, and strike an interrogation-point attitude at the end of some mental question. At last she stopped by one of the windows, and drew from her pocket a somewhat faded green-and-silver purse—a lean, dyspeptic-looking purse, that flopped about in a downcast way, as if aware that it would be called upon to deliver up what it had not got. Miss Veer's thorough fingers searched its utmost depth, then turned it wrong side up and shook it, that no shirking penny might be hidden away in its corners. The amount in her hand was small enough when all was done. She counted it forward and backward, but it didn't grow any either way; so she closed her fingers over it, with the faintest breath of a sigh, and said, with a decided shake of her head:

"I can't do it. Teddy wants new shoes, Rob *must* have a jacket, and a bonnet isn't to be thought of."

Which didn't follow at all; for she thought of it more vigorously than ever after having ascertained beyond a doubt that there was no money to buy a new one. She did not need to look at the one she had worn all winter to see how shabby it was; she could *feel* that, even with it away up stairs in the bandbox. It had been twisted and turned, made and remade, from year to year, until it was "poor but respectable" no longer, besides being all out of season; and so her head, bereft of its ancient shelter, went seeking a new covering. When the house was all in order, and Rob and Teddy laudably employed in trying to plow up the back yard with the flour scoop, she went up stairs, and from among the cast-off treasures of a certain old red chest in the attic fished up a straw bonnet—immense in size, yellow in color, and of shape indescribable. She laughed at the effect as she tried it on before her tiny mirror; but, after all, it was not a laughing matter; indeed, it seemed more like a crying one as she turned the antique affair on her hand and wondered soberly what it would be possible to make of it.

Upon her meditations there suddenly broke the slight rustle of a stiff dress, and the sound of a footstep that spoke of dignity and one hundred and fifty pounds, and announced the coming of Aunt Hester. It was the only announcement that lady thought it necessary to make; for she entered without the formality of a knock, seated herself in the rocking-chair, or attempted to do so, but immediately resumed her feet again.

"Hum! I advise you to put that chair out of the way, Jemima. One can't be always remembering that the bottom is broken out," she remarked, severely: "unless, indeed, you intend it as a trap to catch your friends in."

"If that was the object, I'd set it just outside the gate, and try to catch them before they got in," Miss Jemima whispered, rebelliously, to herself, as she arose to bring forward another chair—a sound, substantial wooden one.

Aunt Hester surveyed it doubtfully, as if she suspected some deception, but finally settled herself in it, shook her black alpaca into proper folds, and said,

"I thought I would call to see how you were getting on."

It did occur to Jemima that if she had known of her coming she would have got so far on as to be out of sight; but she only answered, quietly,

"About as usual we are, thank you, Aunt Hester."

"Aunt Jem! Aunt Jem!" cried Rob and Teddy, making a rush from the yard, getting terribly mixed up in the door-way, and each trying to explain the other's remarks before he had made any. "'Deed, Aunt Jem, we won't hurt it any—a rumbreller to build a barn with; 'cause we can't put our horses nowhere; and we want it top o' the chicken-coop. Say, may we?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but don't be so noisy, boys. Don't you see Aunt Hester is here?" answered Aunt Jem, indulgent but distressed.

"Yes; that's what we don't want to come in for," answered Teddy, with refreshing frankness. "Won't you please to hand the rumbreller out, Aunt Jem?"

Aunt Jem produced the umbrella, in full consciousness that her visitor was watching with grim disapproval, and was prepared for the speech that came next.

"You are spoiling those children, Jemima—completely spoiling them. I am really astonished at you."

It was a point upon which the lady's astonishment had become chronic, so Jemima did not attempt to lessen it, and a momentary silence ensued.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hester, in a more gracious tone, after her eyes had scanned every other article in the room, and rested finally on the bonnet. "What do you propose to do with that, my dear?"

"I don't know," answered Jemima, rather disconsolately.

"I recollect that bonnet. I thought it looked familiar, and I remember now. It was one my daughter Susan wore for a season or so, and then gave to your mother," pursued Aunt Hester, growing complacent over the memory of by-gone benevolence. "It is a very excellent braid, with a great deal of wear in it. Out of shape, to be sure, but I think it could be made over into a very suitable bonnet for you."

The "very excellent" article had appeared old enough and ugly enough before, but it looked a trifle older and uglier still to poor Jemima now, though she scarcely knew why. She turned it about on her hand, and fell to wondering a little drearily why it was she never had any thing new—any thing all her own. It seemed to her that all her life she had been obliged to build upon other people's foundations, to make straight where others had blundered, and take up things where others had stopped. Her work never came to her in the raw material; it was always what somebody else had used, or spoiled, or begun. Back through the twenty-eight years of her life, so nearly as she could remember, it had been the same. Housekeeping cares had fallen early upon her childish shoulders, when her invalid mother died. Then there had been the constant planning and working to procure what her careless, improvident father did not provide, to economize where he wasted; a pretty sister to be snubbed by and worked for, until she made a runaway marriage with a gentlemanly scamp; and the same sister to console and care for during what remained of her brief life, when she came back, deserted and broken-hearted. Rob and Teddy were the legacies she left. Well, they were not Jemima's own, either; but they were a wonderful comfort to her. The very thought of them made her pause suddenly in the midst of her questioning whether she would not have builded better and more successfully if she could have laid her own corner-stones—reared a structure of her own instead of filling breaches in the broken walls of others. Those two little faces stopped the train of "might have beens," and made her murmur, woman that she was, "Dear boys! I wouldn't give *them* up for any thing!"

"It can be whitened, pressed into shape, and made very presentable," broke in Aunt Hester's voice.

"True," answered Jemima, slowly, thinking of her life instead of her bonnet. "Yes, I hope it will be made presentable at last, though it does not look so now."

"Why, it's the best of braid," interposed Aunt Hester, with some severity. She fancied the remark was a slight disparagement of daughter Susan's taste—a thing not to be tolerated.

That tone aroused Jemima from her reverie at once. She discovered the good qualities of the braid immediately, and Aunt Hester, somewhat mollified, took her departure.

"Send it to a milliner's, and have it bleached and made over: advice very easy to give, but not quite so easy to take, under the circumstances," commented Jemima, left to herself again. "No, most excellent bonnet, you will have to submit to being sewed over by my own fingers, and no others, and take such bleaching as I can give you. Pity, considering your past grandeur, but it can't be helped."

She was an energetic little woman, and so in a very short space of time she had arranged in the back yard a closely covered barrel, with a pan of coals sprinkled with brimstone placed in the bottom of it, and the antiquated straw fastened near the top, and left to whiten in the smoke. Rob and Teddy were duly advised of the contents of the barrel, and warned not to molest it; and then Miss Jemima went cheerily back to the house and her work of darning small stockings and planning for diminutive jackets. The out-of-door world was very lovely that spring morning, and she stole glances at it now and then through the little window—delighting in the fresh green grass and blossom-laden trees of the tiny yard in front, and watching with kindly, human interest the occasional passers-by on the road beyond. These last were not many, for it was only a quiet village road; but presently there passed a team with an unusual load—a large, heavy millstone. The driver walked beside it as it moved slowly along, and following it a short distance behind was another person, whom Jemima scanned more closely—a man some thirty three or four years of age, medium-sized, bronzed and bearded, and dressed in a plain suit of gray. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; nevertheless, he was a personage of some interest to the villagers as being the new owner of the mill over the hill. The former owner had failed to make it profitable, and for a year or two it had stood idle. When, therefore, it was known that it had been sold, and was to be repaired and put in running order, there was a variety of opinions and some shaking of heads among the sages of the little place. There were some who carried their disinterested kindness so far as to inform the new-comer that it "wouldn't pay," he would "sink money," etc. To all of which Cade Barclay listened good-naturedly, answering but little, except with his frank, sunny smile, and then went steadily on his way, apparently quite undisturbed by their predictions.

Of the merits of the question or the man Jemima knew nothing; but there was a quiet, resolute air about him, a certain self-reliance and determination betraying itself even in his firm, quick step as he passed, that gave her the impression that he saw quite as clearly into his own affairs as others could see for him, and made her fancy that she should trust his judgment as soon as that of the wisest of them all. The road wound around the little house, and up over the hill at the back of the garden, so that the great wheel and its owner disappeared from her view at the front window while she was still thinking of them. So little that was new came to disturb the serenity of the place that it was not marvelous that the people indulged in speculations concerning this enterprise, or that Jemima, in her nook, should feel some interest in it. Her meditations were still tending in that direction, when suddenly there came a rushing, rolling sound, a crashing as of breaking bushes, a scream from Rob and Teddy that would have done credit to two Indians, and then something struck the corner of the house so heavily as to make it all jar and tremble.

Jemima sprang to her feet, and was out at the door in an instant. The boys were certainly not killed; she saw that at a glance; neither were they injured in lung or limb, for the shouting and gesticulating were wild and furious.

"Aunt Jem! Oh, Aunt Jem, look! Just look!"

Aunt Jem did look—at the broken back fence, leveled currant-bushes, flattened flower-beds, and last at the front yard, where reposed the cause of all the mischief—the large millstone.

"It comed tumbling the hill right down on to our back yard, and some of the fence was there besides the currant-bushes, and Rob and me we yelled, you'd better believe!" lucidly explained the astonished Teddy.

"It is a mercy you were not killed," began Aunt Jem's trembling lips; but Rob interrupted her with another vociferous "Oh, look!" and pointed to a brisk bonfire that was springing up in front of them. Jemima's bleaching apparatus had been overturned, and the coals emptied out of the pan had set the barrel in a blaze. A bucket or two of water soon extinguished the fire; but alas for the bonnet! it was wofully blackened instead of whitened, and burned beyond all possibility of making over.

The group gathered about the ruins in dismay, for the children were quick to detect the look of trouble in Aunt Jem's face, and even they understood the case well enough to know that articles destroyed were not always easily replaced.

"No one hurt, I hope?" said a voice just beside them—a manly voice, though a trifle hurried and anxious.

Jemima looked up, met the kindly, questioning glance of a pair of blue eyes, and recognized Mr. Barclay. She started a little, not having noticed his approach, but she answered, promptly, "No, Sir; no one hurt in the least."

"Really, I don't know how such an accident could have happened," he remarked, as if even yet bewildered by the affair. "There must have been some carelessness in loading the stone, I suppose; for when we were part way up the hill the wagon tilted a little, and the stone slipped off and came crashing down. Its force was mostly spent before it reached your place, but I see it has done damage enough as it is;" and a swift, comprehensive glance swept flower-beds and broken bushes.

"Nothing very serious—nothing but what a little labor will make right again," courageously and politely responded Miss Jemima, noticing the direction his eyes had taken.

"No, it won't," interposed Master Teddy; "'cause Aunt Jem's bonnet what she had a-bleachin' in the barrel is all burned up. It was goin' to be her Sundayest one, too; an' now she can't go to meetin' nor nothin'; only I'll lend you my hat, Aunt Jem."

"Hush, hush, Teddy!" whispered Aunt Jem, pressing the little fat hand that slid into hers, in appreciation of the offered sympathy, though her face grew suddenly rosy, and it required some effort to betray no discomposure. "No, Sir; there's not much harm done. I am thankful it is no worse."

"So am I. Some one might have been killed by it," he answered, gravely, stealing a curious glance at the charred barrel, meanwhile, and pondering Teddy's remark. Not very well versed in millinery matters was Cade Barclay. A sister he had never had, and his mother had been dead now nearly a year. Where the neat, Quaker-like bonnets she had worn during her lifetime came from it never had occurred to him to inquire; but he felt tolerably certain that they had not been conjured out of a barrel in the back yard. He knew that there were places where such articles were sold, and fancied that most ladies bought them. Brewing them at home, in barrels, over a fire, struck him as rather an original plan, and he strongly suspected, Teddy's lament taken into account, that it indicated a shortness of funds. He was very sorry for the mischief his rolling stone had caused, and this particular part of it seemed the most difficult to remedy.

"You must let me compensate as far as possible for the trouble I have caused you," he began; but Miss Jemima so quickly and decidedly declared the injury of no consequence that there was nothing more to be said. His honest heart was still perplexing itself over the problem when a small specimen of the canine race presented itself to view, and Teddy caught it up.

"This is my dog; he come to live with us without nobody askin' him. Aunt Jem don't like him much 'cause he ain't a Newfounder; he's a rat terror."

"Ah! is he?" said Mr. Barclay, becoming suddenly interested. "Such an animal is very useful about a mill sometimes, where there are a great many rats and mice. I wouldn't mind giving five dollars for him, if you were willing to let him go. Would you sell him for that?"

"Yes, *Sir*," answered Teddy, promptly; and a bill was pressed into the little palm, and the dog transferred to its new owner.

Miss Jemima viewed this proceeding rather doubtfully; still, as she was not consulted in the matter, and the gentleman appeared as much interested in the bargain as Teddy himself, she did not quite see how to interfere. The dog might be valuable; she really did not know. Mr. Barclay seemed wonderfully well satisfied himself, and held fast to his purchase as if it were a rare prize, while he discussed with Miss Jemima the removal of the ponderous ornament from the front yard.

"You will, at least, let me come and help put this garden into order again," he said, as he turned away—a proposition she could not readily have declined, even if he had given her a chance to do so, which he did not.

"Now, Aunt Jem, now you can have a bonnet; and not an old smoked one, either," said Teddy.

And Aunt Jem did have a new bonnet—a pretty white chip, with fresh, spring-like green ribbons, that it seemed a positive luxury to her to put on. You would think a respectable bonnet could scarcely be purchased for so small a sum. Mr. Barclay had entertained some fears on that subject too, though he had offered as high as he had dared for the dog; but he was perfectly satisfied when he saw her come into church the next Sunday, leading Rob and Teddy. Was she to blame for enjoying the whole service better because of those soft, becoming ribbons that framed her pretty brown hair and quiet face? No; she did not think about the bonnet; she only felt it; but when she was at home again, slowly untying the strings before her little mirror, she whispered softly to herself, "I do believe the Great Love that blesses all our lives cares for our happiness even in such little things as these, else all this wouldn't have happened so strangely."

It took a good many evenings to get those flower-beds into perfect order again, but Mr. Barclay persevered in his work with praiseworthy fidelity; and having bestowed so much labor upon them, it was natural that he should feel a more than ordinary interest in them, and visit them frequently all through the summer. There were many happy evenings spent in the tiny moonlit portico, with the conversation wandering to deeper than floral subjects; and he learned to look upon that spot as a little haven of peace, and gentle, thoughtful, unselfish Aunt Jem as the pleasantest of companions. So it happened that when the autumn came he had won her consent to his taking care of her flower-beds and buying her new bonnets always.

Aunt Hester, who, like many another worthy lady, was an unconscious worshiper of success, greatly approved of Mr. Barclay. She was very gracious in her commendation of the new arrangement, remarking, with an unwonted attempt at facetiousness, that she did not know that she could "ever believe again that rolling stones gather no moss."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We quote from an exchange the record of the examination of one of the jurors in the Foster case. If the report is not a verbatim one, doubtless the substance of it is correct:

Counsel. "Do you ever read the newspapers?"
Juror. "No."
Counsel. "Can you write?"
Juror. "No."
Counsel. "Can you read?"
Juror. "No."
Counsel. "What do you know about any thing?"
Juror. "Nothing."
Judge. "That 'll do, Sir; take your seat in the jury-box."

Paris might well exclaim—could its voice be heard amidst the shouts of its crazy populace, the bursting of shells in its streets, and the crash of falling palaces—"Save me from my friends!" The monuments, whose historical associations or artistic beauty made them almost as much the property of the civilized world as of Paris, were spared by the Prussians when they bombarded that fair city, only to have them wantonly destroyed by the ruthless hands of its own citizens. Even during the "reign of terror" no such immolation of architectural monuments was planned by the professed champions of liberty. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the Place Vendôme—names associated with ideas of beauty and artistic elegance and grandeur—will henceforth be linked with memories of the reckless civil war of 1871.

The stupendous undertaking of uniting the Tuileries and the Louvre was accomplished by Napoleon III. The two palaces covered sixty acres. The early history of the old Louvre is obscure, but the huge pile has gradually grown up from the time of the thirteenth century. The new Louvre, commenced in 1852, was completed in 1857, at a cost of about $6,000,000.

The Commune's officers, while investigating the interior of a Paris nunnery—the Convent of Picpus—found a communicating passage between the convent and a large Jesuit establishment near it. In the garden were found three conical huts six feet square and seven high, each of which contained an old woman. The lady superior admitted that they had been confined in these cages nine years. Her only explanation was, "They were idiots when they came." A key was found labeled, "Key of the Great Vault," and search was commenced to discover this subterranean apartment.

The Emperor Nicholas evidently took a different view of fool-hardy exposures of life from what many people do nowadays. One morning in spring, when a freshet of the Neva had rendered its crossing extremely perilous, Nicholas, on looking from the window of his winter-palace, saw a large crowd watching a man leaping from one piece of ice to another toward the opposite shore. He called his attendant aid-de-camp.

"Look at that fool," said he. "Run and see what motive he has for so exposing his life."

The aid-de-camp learned the particulars and returned.

"Sire, he is a peasant who has bet he would cross the Neva for twenty-five rubles, and is trying to gain the reward."

"Give him twenty-five lashes," replied Nicholas. "A man who risks his life in this miserable way would be capable of any thing for money."

It is good policy for every one to pay his board bills. A man was recently brought to trial in the Special Sessions Court for assault. He put in good character as his defense. His landlady testified as follows:

"I have known him for two years; he has boarded with me all that time, and has paid his board regularly every Saturday night."

"That establishes his character beyond question," said Justice Dowling; "no bad man could stand that test." And he was acquitted.

The miniature ship *City of Ragusa*, the smallest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, recently sailed from this port for Liverpool. She is named after Ragusa, the smallest city in Europe. Her weight is only one ton, length nineteen feet, and her beam six feet wide. Besides a good supply of provisions and coal, she carried on this voyage a cargo of five hundred bricks—the first cargo of this kind ever carried to Europe. She is commanded by Mr. Primoraz, who has chosen for his companions Edward R. Hayter, a native of New Zealand, and a fine gray bull terrier, who, the captain asserted, would act as boatswain.

It has been argued that life-insurance companies might well insure ministers at a lower average rate than others, because of their greater average duration of life. From certain tables of vital statistics which have been compiled it appears that, out of 2442 clergymen of different denominations, sixty attained ages *ranging from ninety to one hundred and three years*, while only *fifty-two* died *under* the age of forty! One out of every seven of the whole number was eighty-eight years old or upward at death. Between one-third and one-half of the whole were seventy years old or upward at death. Considerably more than one-half were over sixty years of age at death; three-fourths were over fifty years of age at death; and seven-eighths were over forty years of age at death.

The most learned woman in the world is said to be Princess Dora d'Istra. She reads and speaks fifteen languages, has written novels, historical and philosophical works, is an honorary member of ten learned societies—and is, notwithstanding, quite good-looking.

The American Museum of Natural History forms an additional attraction to the Central Park since the careful arrangement of new and valuable specimens has been completed. Eight large cages around the arsenal building are appropriated to various wild animals and birds. Some of the wild beasts do not seem to dwell in perfect harmony, or else, finding that they are to live in houses like men, it may be, they desire to imitate certain men. At any rate, two leopards recently indulged in a prize-fight—for which they were eminently qualified—and during the encounter one of them nearly bit off his adversary's caudal appendage—an appropriate ending to a prize-fight. In the arsenal building the stuffed specimens of birds and animals make a fine show. The art gallery also has been greatly improved.

The gardens on the Thames Embankment, London, are rapidly progressing. The grass is green, and shrubs and evergreens are being planted. Londoners are looking forward to the time when it will be possible to walk in the shade on a hot summer day between Blackfriars and Westminster bridges.

Children are kept still too long in school. They are expected to study, or be occupied with books, six hours a day, when grown people find it difficult to do as much. It is the opinion of many who have thoughtfully examined the subject that the ultimate education of children would be as efficient both to the individual and to society if they did not commence studying from books so young, nor study half as long each day.

Another royal visitor is coming to the United States—his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil. It is announced that Dom Pedro, accompanied by the Empress Theresa, will sail from Rio de Janeiro some time in May for Europe. He travels strictly incognito, and, after visiting his royal relatives of the house of Braganza, the reigning family of Portugal, will make a flying tour over continental Europe. Early in September he will visit Great Britain, and after a brief sojourn will sail for New York. Arriving here, he will only relinquish the incognito and resume the pomp and ceremony of royalty sufficiently long to pay a visit of respect to the President; but he purposes making an extended tour through the United States. The Emperor is devotedly attached to his wife and children; and with them and in scientific pursuits seeks that repose from anxiety and turmoil which the cares of a great empire impose upon him. The Empress Theresa is a princess of the late reigning family of Sicily.

A very trivial thing often leads to the discovery of crime. Science now comes in to aid the detective in ways which would never occur to a guilty party. Not long ago a registered letter was received at the Chicago post-office which should have contained $500. It had been opened, and re-sealed with great nicety. The re-sealed part was examined with a microscope, and a fragment of plug chewing tobacco was found in the mucilage. The detective traveled all along the post route to find who used "plug" tobacco in a country where "fine-cut" was universally chewed. But no such man could be found. One day the detective reached the house of a country postmaster, who was his friend, and quite above suspicion. The detective, however, chewed tobacco himself, and so he happened to ask his friend for a chew. The friend replied he could give him no fine-cut, because he always used plug tobacco himself. Friendship and tobacco were alike forgotten. The friend was arrested, a search-warrant obtained, his house searched, and the money found.

It is proposed to extend the system of weather reports and storm signals now in use in the United States to Canada, the maritime provinces, and British Columbia. The light-houses in the Dominion are to be used as stations also.

A petition has been presented to the State Legislature of Ohio, signed by about three thousand persons—miners and others—requesting that a law be enacted for the better regulation and ventilation of coal mines, and for the appointment of an inspector to see that the law is faithfully executed.

A story is told of a pretty Washington girl who was questioned by one of the party attached to the English High Commission after the following style:

"Where are all your handsome men?" said he. "The ladies are very well, but 'pon my soul, you know, I haven't seen a handsome man since I've been here."

"Ah!" said the young lady, sweetly; "but you have handsome men in England, I presume?"

"Oh yes, of course, plenty of them."

"Then why," she asked, "did not the Queen send one here?"

The reply of the Englishman is not recorded.

The brain of the murderer Rulloff weighed fifty-nine ounces, which is nine or ten ounces more than the average weight of the brain, which is about fifty ounces. The heaviest brain ever weighed was that of Cuvier, the French naturalist, which is given by some authorities at sixty-five ounces, and by some at sixty-four ounces. The brain of Daniel Webster—partly estimated, on account of a portion being destroyed by disease—weighed sixty-four ounces. The brain of Dr. Abercrombie, of Scotland, weighed sixty-three ounces. The lower, brute portion of Rulloff's brain and the mechanical powers were unusually large. The upper portion of the brain, which directs the higher moral and religious sentiments, was very deficient in Rulloff.

The observations on Mount Washington during the past winter have established the fact that periods of cold and storms are indicated at that altitude several hours in advance of their arrival at a lower plane. Therefore these observations are regarded as of great importance by the Signal Service, and it is probable they will be continued by the government.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old negro made application at one of the public buildings in Washington a short time since for something to eat, and claimed that he had a right to come there for victuals. The head of the department was called in, who asked the darky upon what right he based his claims. "Why," said the sable representative of the Fifteenth Amendment, "I understan' dar's *provisions* in de Constitution for de colored folks, and I haven't had de fust crumb."

"Well," said an old gentleman, the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in the business, and can say what very few can after such experience; in all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our young mercantile community!" replied the person addressed. "What a pity that one time occurred: how was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never, in all my life, saw a man so much astonished."

The Income Tax—The tax on immigrants at Castle Garden.

A tender-hearted humanitarian at Boston, whose feelings were touched on overhearing a prisoner at the station-house singing "Home, Sweet Home," tried to have him released. His sympathies suddenly cooled, however, when he read on the slate that the vocalist was charged with wife-beating.

"The Pacific Mails"—Quiet husbands.

Song of the Garden Seeds—"Put me in my little bed."

Dangerous French Colors—Paris Green and Paris Reds.

"Modesty" asks us, "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like Champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

"Why," said a wit, in passing the "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary" in Charles Street, "who would have supposed there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston?"

A Chicago hair-restorer agent went out into the suburbs, stuck his posters all over a church pulpit, and then asked the minister to call attention to them.

A man was arrested in Buffalo last week for stealing a barrel of salt. When arraigned in the court he pleaded destitution. "You couldn't eat salt," said the judge. "Oh yes, I could, with the meat I intended to steal." This reply cost him six months. The judge had no appreciation of delicate humor.

A man stopping his paper wrote to the editor: "I think folks ottent to spend ther munny for payper, mi dadda diddant, and every body sed he was the intelligents man in the county, and had the smartest family of bois that ever dugged taters."

An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

The Way to Wedlock—A-dore.

A gentleman addressing a passionate love-letter to a lady in the same town added this curious postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

Alaska is well defended—there is a shiver de freeze all around it.

"Johnny," said one of the boys to a bereaved friend who had just lost his father, "yer behaved well at the funeral." "Oh, pshaw!" replied Johnny, with the air of one whose merits were only half recognized, "you should have seen me at the grave."

A Time to Run—When you are in a hurry.

"Why don't you take your seat at the bar?" asked a lawyer of a client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

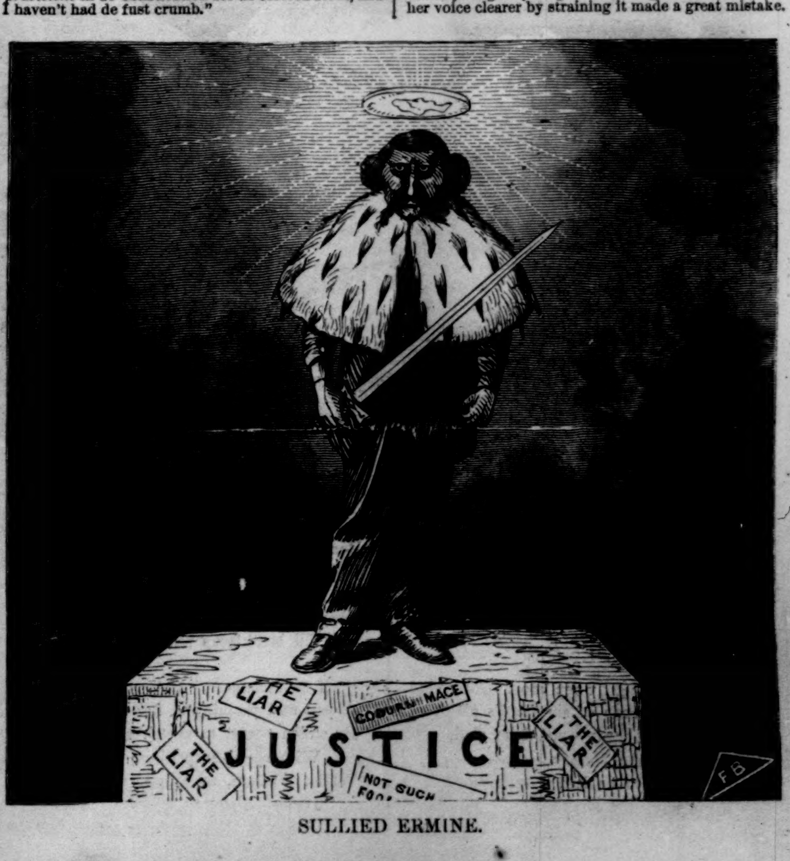
Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people?—Because you can't make them here.

Some people have such a delicate way of hinting their meaning that it is not always readily taken; but others speak more plainly. We read of an old man the other day who was in the habit of going to bed promptly at nine o'clock, but, being kept up by company after that hour, he became sleepy. Finally, seeing the clock marked half past nine, he turned, yawningly, toward the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said, "Wife, hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home." It is hardly necessary to add that the aged couple were not kept out of bed long after that announcement.

The following expressive notice is posted on the closed door of a Brooklyn cobbler's shop: "Thes beznies Is kloed fur aa week tu elou thea bos A chanz ter bi sik."

Ground Rents—The effects of an earthquake.

The young lady singer who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it made a great mistake.



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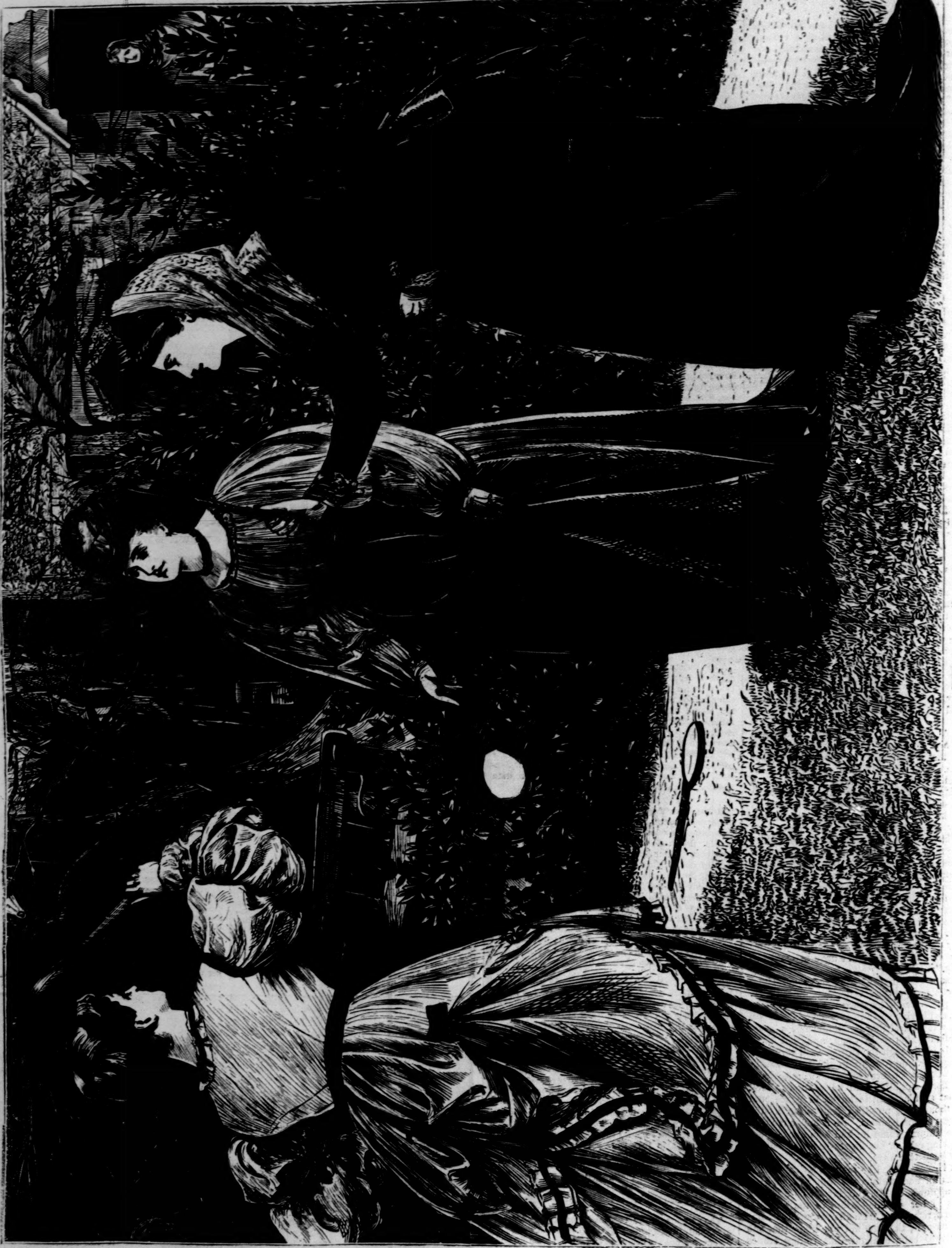


BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

ONE balmy, blissful morn in May,
Concealed behind a cock of hay,
On Lady Charlotte's lawn we lay,
I calmly smoking,
Whilst Otho sketched—I heard them say,
"'Twas too provoking."

You'll own, though, when most lightly clad
In time-worn weeds of shepherd's plaid,
Fresh from the ocean—you'd be glad,
Friend of the Naiads,
Of any shelter to be had
From shy, dry Dryads.

"What early-rising girls!" said Vane,
Beneath his breath; "it's pretty plain,
Unless a friendly shower of rain
Disturbs them, Freddy,
They'll at their battledoor remain
Till breakfast's ready."

"I'll be revenged!" and out he drew
A pad and pencil, and fell to,
By stolen peeps, to sketch the view
With speed surprising;
Whilst I began, with head askew,
Philosophizing:

"O cork!" I cried, "that through the air
Fliest in turn from fair to fair,
Thus flies my heart with fluttering care
From Kate to Nancy—
We're puzzled by that pretty pair,
I rather fancy."

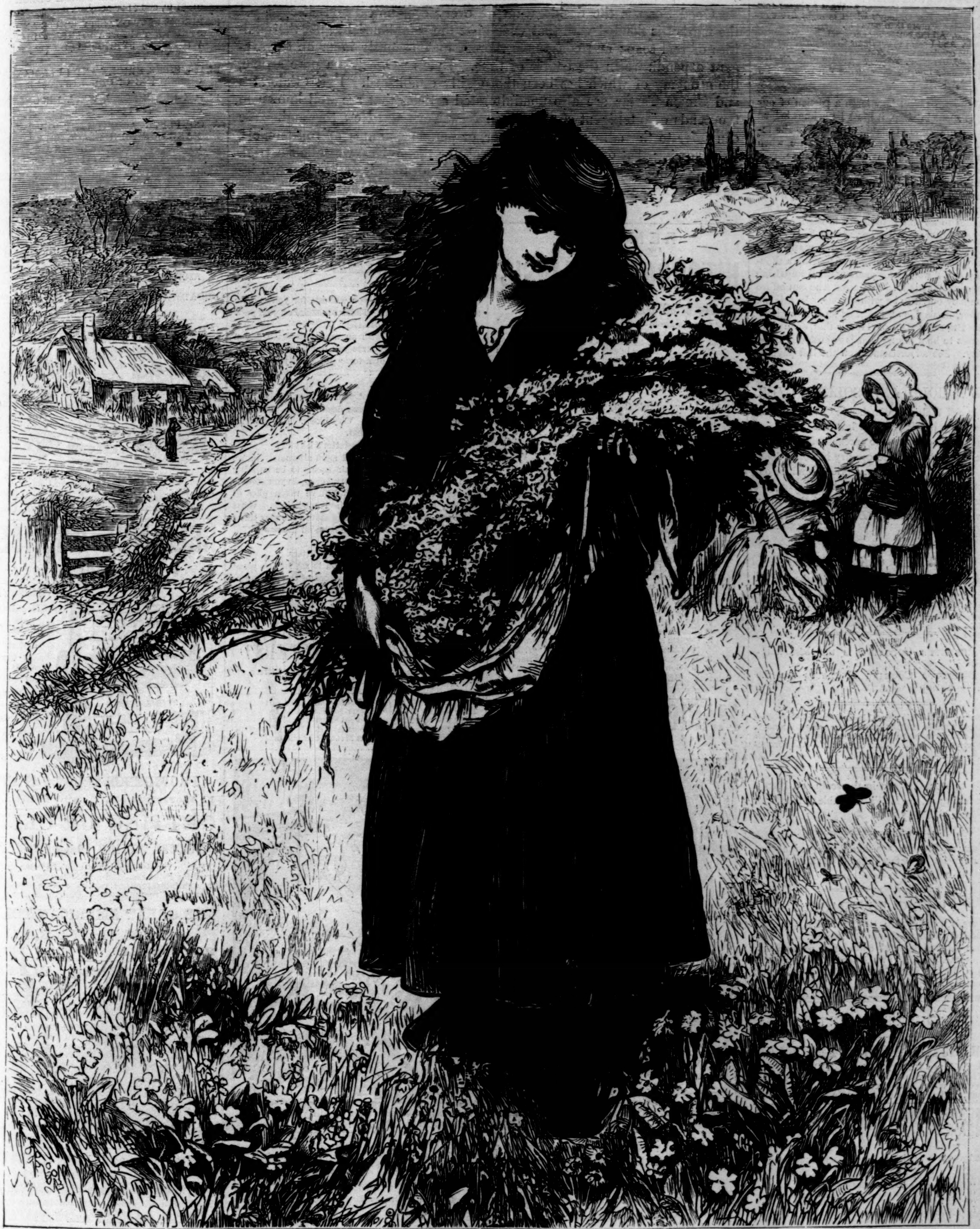
"Six—seven-and-twenty! late, too late—
In omen of my future fate,
I've fallen at the feet of Kate,
Who can't return me;
I wonder now, at twenty-eight,
Will Kitty spurn me."

"What makes sweet Ethel so *distrait?*
You don't appear to wish to play,
Or even count the game to-day,
My Otho's Clotho;
He loves you well. I think you may
Count upon Otho."

Then blew a breeze, and with a shock
I saw the truant shuttlecock
Fall at my feet; a fluttering frock—
A peal of laughter—
And off I flew like one o'clock,
With Otho after.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN MAY.

This beautiful picture can not fail to remind many of our readers of Herrick's exquisite invocation to "Corinna, to go a-Maying;" by contrast, of course, since the fair Corinna who smiles upon us from this page is evidently no "sweet slug-a-bed," like the poet's. She was out in the field long before the sun had dried the dew, and she has her reward not only in the May blossoms in her arms, but in the fresh bloom on her cheeks. Our city Corinnas, who go into the country only when the heats of summer have parched the fields, dimmed the lustre of the foliage, and taken all the sweetness from the air, little know how much they lose by the delay.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN THE FIELDS ON A MAY MORNING.

JAPANESE SCENERY.

Within two miles or so from Yeddo, and yet well away from the toil and din of the great city, stands the village of Meguro. Once past the outskirts of the town, the road leading thither is bounded on either side by woodlands, rich in an endless variety of foliage, broken at intervals by the long low line of villages and hamlets. As we draw near to Meguro the scenery, becoming more and more rustic, increases in beauty. Deep, shady lanes, bordered by hedge-rows as luxurious as any in England, lead down to a valley of rice fields, bright with the emerald-green of the young crops. To the right and to the left rise knolls of fantastic shape, crowned with a profusion of cryptomerias, Scotch firs, and other cone-bearing trees, fringed with thickets of feathery bamboos, bending their stems gracefully to the light summer breeze. In the foreground, in front of a farm-house—snug-looking, with its roof of velvety brown thatch—a troop of sturdy urchins, sun-tanned and stark naked, are frisking in the wildest gambols, all heedless of the scolding voice of the withered old grandam, who sits spinning and minding the house, while her son and his wife are away toiling at some out-door labor. Not the least beauty of the scene consists in the wondrous clearness of an atmosphere so transparent that the most distant outlines are scarcely dimmed; while the details of the nearer ground stand out in sharp, bold relief—now lit by the rays of a vertical sun, now darkened under the flying shadows thrown by the fleecy clouds which sail across the sky. Not even in sunny Italy, famed for the loveliness of its skies, is the atmosphere so pure and transparent. Under such a heaven what painter could limn the lights and shades which flit over the woods, the pride of Japan, whether in late autumn, when the russets and yellows of our own trees are mixed with the deep crimson glow of the maples, or in spring-time, when plum and cherry trees and wild camellias — giants fifty feet high — are in full blossom?

All that we see is enchanting; but there is a strange stillness in the groves. Rarely does the song of a bird break the silence; indeed, I know but one warbler whose note has any music in it—the *uguisu*, by some enthusiasts called the Japanese nightingale—at best, a king in the kingdom of the blind. The scarcity of animal life of all descriptions, man and mosquitoes alone excepted, is a standing wonder to the traveler.

MRS. GRUNDY.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" used to be constantly in people's mouths, as applied to the late editor, now dead, of a well-known Conservative daily. But the phrase was taken originally from Tom Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plough." The play opens with a view of a farm-house, where Farmer Ashfield is discovered at a table, enjoying his ale and pipe, and holding the following colloquy with his wife, Dame Ashfield:

Ashfield. Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you—that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ashfield. All the better vor he.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ashfield. Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. *What will Mrs. Grundy zay?*

When we reflect how large a portion of our lives is spent in sleep, it must be acknowledged that the gratitude of mankind is due to the inventors of any contrivance by which we are, when in or when courting that mysterious state, rendered more comfortable. The Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Conn., who manufacture a mattress made by tempered wires being woven together and so supporting each other that it approaches to an impossibility to break them, are our benefactors. All other spring beds fail to accomplish their purpose; but this mattress, it is fully established, is capable of bearing a thousand pounds' weight for years without impairing its original elasticity. No person who can afford the money ought to be without one. In this hot weather, so cool, so refreshing, so health giving is this Perfect Bed of Itself that, once used, it ceases to be a luxury, but is regarded as a necessity. See advertisement on the last page.—[*Com.*]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly.*—Howard & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. *The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP

Cheapest, because the best. Speaks for itself on trial. Sold by Grocers every where. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

"Burnett's Cocoaine is the best hair-dressing."

"Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best."—[*Com.*]

"Zoelaion."—This palatable oxygenated Cod-Liver Oil cures Cancer and Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Blood, and Skin, when all other remedies fail. Benj. B. Rotton & Co., Cloverine Chemical Works, Brooklyn, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

To tighten the hair in the scalp and keep it from falling off, use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

Female Complaints should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Com.*]

PICNIC BEVERAGE.

Pyle's Lemonized Sugar makes delicious Lemonade without Sugar or Lemons. No other has secured general confidence as to being wholesome. Sold by Grocers every where. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

MEARES' MEARES' Paragon Shirts.

Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts,	Good Muslin and Linen Fronts	$9 00
6 "	Better Muslin and Good Linen	10 50
6 "	Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen	12 00
6 "	Wamsutta Muslin and Very Fine Linen	13 50
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RICHARD MEARES, Gents' Furnishing Goods, **6th Avenue & 19th St., N. Y.**

$10 from 50 cts.

12 Samples sent (postage free) for Fifty Cents that retail readily for Ten Dollars.

R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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Saleratus, and Cream Tartar.

First-Class Household Articles.

Designed for the Best Family Trade.

Good Soap is the desideratum of every economical housekeeper, yet the market is flooded with that which has the semblance, but not the qualities of real soap; and consumers thereof unconsciously incur an extravagant expenditure in the course of time. Pyle's "O.K." is a pure article, the economy of which has been thoroughly established. Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar are also unadulterated articles that are well known to thousands of intelligent consumers in New York and New England. We can refer to the editors of this paper, or parade columns of testimonials, but knowing that our articles will speak for themselves, we solicit a trial. If your Grocer recommends some other, depend upon it he has his own interest in view, and not yours.

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Our patrons are invited to call at our new store and examine our stock of SHEET MUSIC. Those who send by Mail can address to Post-Office Box No. 3008. Any piece of music published in this country can be ordered of us, provided the retail price is inclosed with the order. Catalogues, containing over 600 pieces, mailed free. The following 30 pieces will be mailed on receipt of Three Dollars, or singly at 10 cents each. Please use name and number.

No. 100.	I Love a Little Body	*Song.*
99.	Josie Galop	*Instrumental.*
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67.	Was there any Harm in That?	*Song.*
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54.	Maiden's Prayer	*Song.*
49.	Monastery Bells	*Instrumental.*
43.	Alpine Bells	*Instrumental.*
40.	The Bridge	*Song.*
38.	Reaper and the Flowers	*Song.*
21.	Carnival of Venice	*Instrumental.*
17.	Kiss Waltz	*Instrumental.*
16.	In Tears I Pine for Thee	*Song.*
15.	Grand Duchesse Waltz	*Instrumental.*
14.	Pulling Hard against the Stream	*Song.*
13.	Indian March	*Instrumental.*
12.	The Frost Flower	*Song.*
11.	Daughter of Eve	*Instrumental.*
10.	Nun's Prayer	*Song.*
9.	Faust March	*Instrumental.*
8.	Nelly Carey	*Song.*
7.	Delhi Galop	*Instrumental.*
6.	Sleep Well, Sweet Angel	*Song.*
5.	Orphee aux Enfers Galop	*Instrumental.*
4.	It is Better to Laugh than be Sighing	*Song.*
3.	Wedding March	*Instrumental.*
2.	My Soul to God, my Heart to Thee	*Song.*

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HARTZ MAGIC REPOSITORY,
743 Broadway, New York.

YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THEM.

Victim of debility, who is responsible for your feebleness? Not yourself, you will say, for you've done all you could to cure it. That's a mistake on your part. You haven't tried Hostetter's Bitters.

Gloomy dyspeptic, with an uneasy stomach and a world-weary face, of course you don't think yourself responsible for your own torments. But you are. It is easy to see from your condition that you haven't tried Hostetter's Bitters.

Bilious sufferer, it is not your fault, you think, that your symptoms grow worse day by day. Blue pill doesn't do you any good. Very likely. But you can be brought round for all that.

Why haven't you tried Hostetter's Bitters?

Friend, on whom fever and ague alternately blows hot and cold, and whose brain seems to be bursting with the effects of some powerful drug, do you assume the responsibility? Oh, no! You've taken piles of quinine, and all the regulation medicines. What could you do more? One thing more—the very thing that would have exempted you from all the pangs that now rack you.

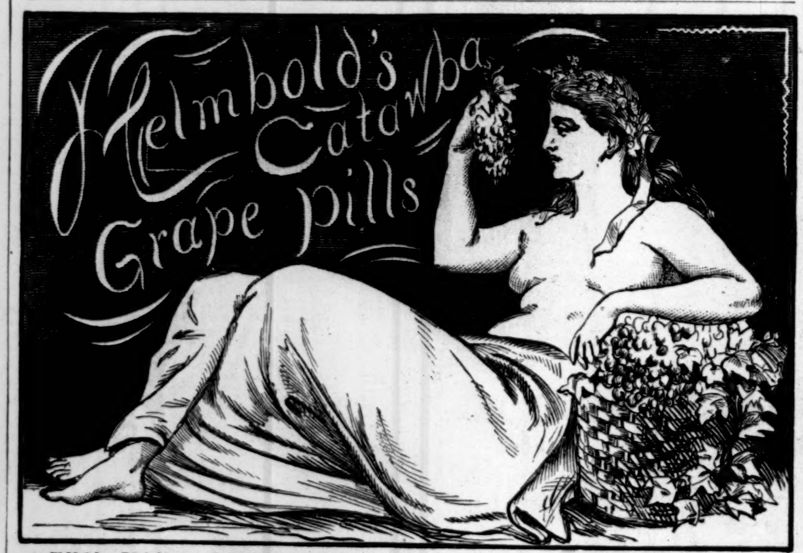
You have never tried Hostetter's Bitters.

Nervous invalid, what have you to say? You plead that you have taken all the nervines of the pharmacopœia. If they have done you no good it is not your fault. You are not responsible. Wrong—all wrong. You have, in reality, nobody to blame but yourself.

WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS?

For all the above-named complaints the Bitters are absolute specifics.

$100 to $250 *per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Wages paid weekly to Agents every where, selling our *Patent Silver-Mould White-Wire Clothes Lines.* Business permanent. For full particulars, address Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.



April, May, and June purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by

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SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT SEASON, WITH A CASE OF VERY LUSTROUS HAIR-LINE STRIPED SILKS IN BLUES, GOLDEN BROWNS, GREENS, FROU-FROUS, AND LILACS, at $1 per yard.

75 PIECES WHITE AND BLACK CHECK SILKS, $1, $1 10, and $1 20 per yard.

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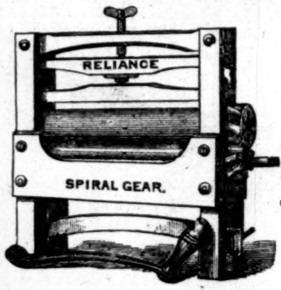

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Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

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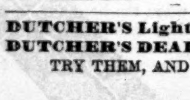

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Also, Patent Swings, Hobbies, Propellers, and Toys. Send stamp for Circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, N. Y., directly opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

DUTCHER'S Lightning FLY KILLER.
DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT for Bed-Bugs.
TRY THEM, AND SLEEP IN PEACE.

Great National Loan.

☞ NEW FIVE PER CENT. BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

..............DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

Washington, ..., 18....

Entered .... Recorded ....

....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881..................................	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886..................................	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

Treasury Office, }
New York, *May* 2, 1871. }

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THE COLLINS WATCH FACTORY.—All our Watches are Full-Jeweled Levers, Gents' and Ladies' Sizes. Prices $15, $20, and $25, equaling in every respect Gold Watches costing $150, $200, and $250. Prices of Chains from $2 to $12, according to weight and style of finish. Jewelry in every way as good as gold at one-tenth the price. The *genuine* Collins Metal goods can only be had by sending to us direct. When six watches are ordered at one time the seventh one will be sent as a premium, free. Goods sent by express, C. O. D. **C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, New York.**

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Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...	No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS..................	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT........	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT......	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS..................	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT......................	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT..........	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..................	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT................	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT....................................	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT....................................	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS...........	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER................	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK...........	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT..................	" 21
MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)........................	" 23

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

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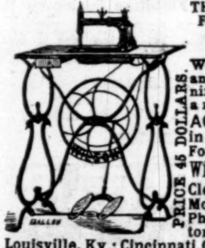

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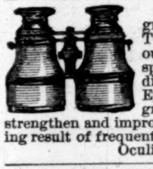

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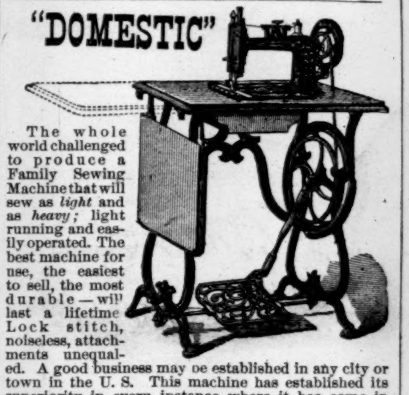

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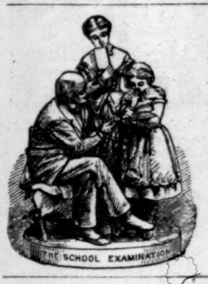

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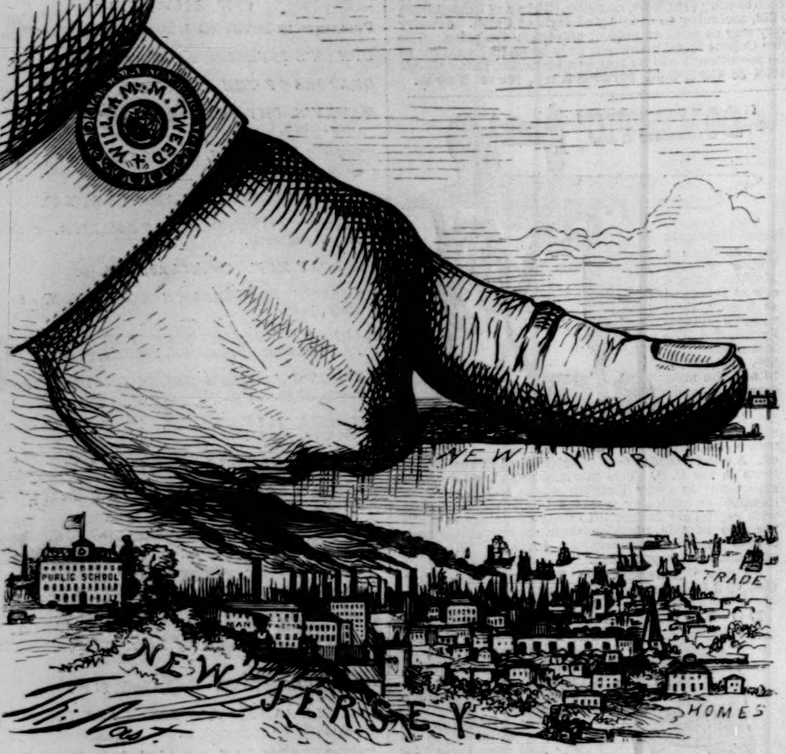

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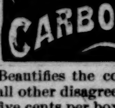

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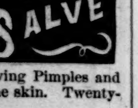

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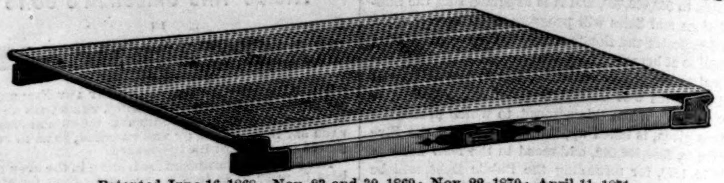

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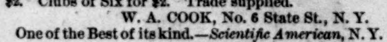

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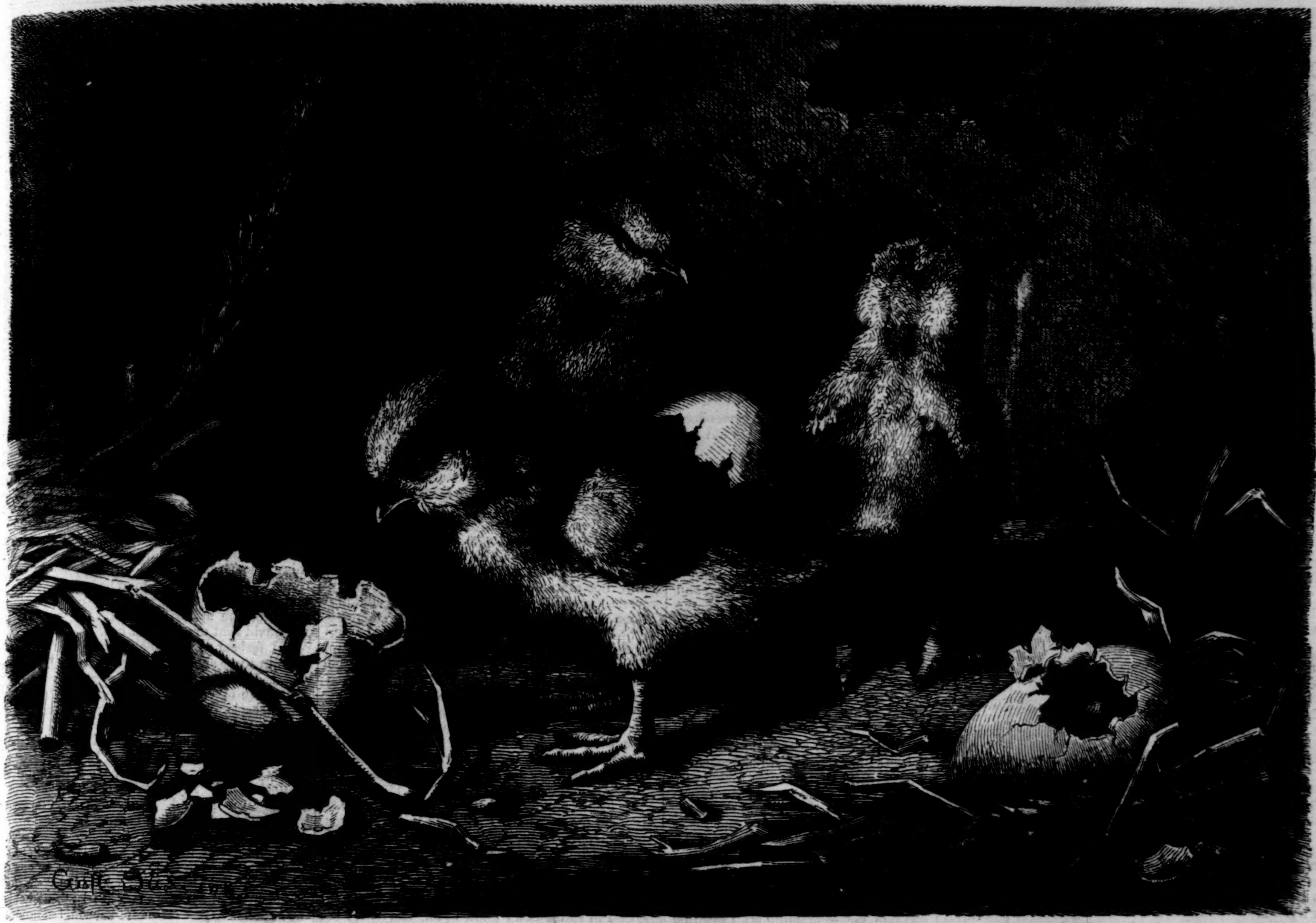


THE CHICKEN'S FIRST THOUGHT—"DID I COME OUT OF THAT?"—[See Page 538.]

READING THE BIBLE IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—[See Page 538.]

THE OAK.

I would I were like yonder oak,
  That in grave gladness stands,
And stretches o'er the lowlier trees,
That cluster round his rugged knees,
  His patriarchal hands.

To have the morn's first rosy kiss
  Upon my dewy brow,
The latest smile of lingering day,
When all the fields are growing gray,
  And she to night must bow.

To fall asleep when winter comes,
  And dream of all things sweet,
Still full of leafy sap within,
And buds that newer life begin
  With spring's impulsive heat.

To burst with joyous buds in spring,
  Unfolding, green and bright,
Each opening leaf an upturned eye
To greet the cloud, the sun, the sky,
  And revel in the light.

A leafy summer-house for birds;
  An ever-welcome shade
Where toil may rest at noontide hour;
At even-tide a pleasant bower
  For rustic swain and maid.

The storms would vainly on me beat,
  Though roused in all their pride;
By thunder-peals not shook nor cowed,
The sudden bolt that rends the cloud
  Would hardly scathe my side.

Nor would I live to cumber earth,
  To feel the wintry blast
About my old and withered trunk,
In which my veins have dried and shrunk,
  And fall a log at last;

But, hewn before my vigor fails,
  Before my heart grows dry,
A happy-making life to live,
The pleasure sharing that I give,
  And not in vain to die.

A CHICKEN'S FIRST THOUGHT.

The attractive picture at the top of the preceding page is one of those quiet bits of country life in which every body takes pleasure. The treatment is peculiarly German, the original from which our engraving was made being from the hand of an artist of that nationality, who has achieved considerable fame in his own country. Every one who has had the good fortune to be in the country in the early summer must have seen just such pictures as this, when the old mother-hen proudly stepped from the nest followed by her toddling little brood; but very few besides a German would have thought of the quaint conceit expressed in the title. Young chickens, like little babies, sometimes look very grave and thoughtful, if not very wise; but it is doubtful if either chickens or babies trouble themselves much with abstruse theories of life. Only philosophers are foolish enough to do that.

READING THE BIBLE IN A SMITHY.

This interesting picture gives one an insight into one of the prime sources of that sturdy manhood and solidity of character which stood the Germans in such good stead during their recent conflict with the French. It represents the interior of a blacksmith's shop, and the time is probably Saturday afternoon. The labor of the week is over; to-morrow's bells will ring in the blessed day of rest—thrice welcome to those who have earned a right to its repose by a week of honest toil. The old blacksmith has laid aside his tools, and spread open upon the anvil the sacred volume from which he has learned how to live and how to die, his duty to his neighbor, his country, and his God. His grandson, a sturdy, honest-faced lad, has come in to listen to the reading and the old man's homely, practical explanations. Who can doubt that he will grow up a wiser and better man for these lessons in the book of books?

It is through such means that German manhood is nurtured. As a contrast to French frivolity and unbelief, the picture is a lesson and a warning, which we on this side of the ocean would do well to heed.

COPHETUA THE SECOND.

I.

“So—spliced at last, old fellow?” said I, shaking hands heartily with my friend Augustus Meadfoot, whom I met in Pall Mall.

“I am ‘spliced,’ as you say,” replied Augustus, rather stiffly; “but Jack, dear boy, I wish you would be a little choicer in expression. Splicing—not to mention that it conveys the idea of some species of repair, of which, I do assure you, neither my wife nor myself stand in the slightest need—is too familiar. Marriage, Milford, independent of its exalted duties and soul-stirring responsibilities, is a solemn—a majestic—thing.”

“I believe you—” I fear I was about to add “my boy.” Luckily, I didn't, but added: “My dear Meadfoot, call it as we will, it is plain the process agrees with you. You look radiant.”

“My lustre is not fictitious,” replied Mr. Meadfoot. “There is nothing, as you know, Jack, artificial about me. I am the happiest man out. I will not say that my Alice is, like her namesake, all my fancy painted her, for fancy had nothing to do with the matter. I always felt that the mawkish booby jilted by Miss Grey was served perfectly right, for falling in what he called love with a girl he had never seen. No, no. I came, I saw, and—ahem!—was conquered,” concluded Augustus, with a candid smile.

“You told me of your purpose, but never the young lady's name. Am I acquainted with her family?”

“I—I am inclined to think not,” replied Augustus. “Do you know Spuddington-le-Street?”

“The Lestreets of Ruthyn Castle?”

“No, of North Lincolnshire. Spuddington-le-Street is the nearest village to Spuddington-the-Less, which has only three cottages and a beer-shop, and is as sweet and primitive a little settlement as any of which rural England can boast.”

“There is a commendable absence of brag, in the fact that it does not appear even in Bradshaw.”

“It does not. I discovered it in an ancient road-book,” said Mr. Meadfoot, “which constituted the entire library of a little inn at which I happened to be storm-stayed. The directions for finding it were sufficiently complicated and obscure to awaken the highest interest. On the following morning, carrying with me three days' provisions, I set forth and found it. I was rewarded.”

Augustus paused, as if lost in happy recollections. After a few moments, finding he did not speak, I recommenced the conversation.

“You encountered Miss—Miss—”

“Shortcake, there,” replied Meadfoot. “I had taken a foot-path through some fields, principally attracted by the information that there was not only ‘no thoroughfare,’ but that spring-guns and man-traps were in profusion on the borders of a neighboring copse. Now, although not wholly unacquainted with man-traps, I knew nothing of the mechanism of a spring-gun, and instinctively accepted the challenge. At the corner of the copse, I came upon another obliging notification, ‘Beware the brindled cow.’ No such animal was at the moment in sight, but continuing to round the copse, I came suddenly upon a scene worthy of Watteau. A rustic maiden, seated on the three-legged stool of the period, was engaged in milking a particularly vicious and observant cow.

“Time was not allowed me to notice more. The brindled brute pinned me with its eyes, stood for a second as if petrified, then, with a kick that sent the milk-pail into the air in a cloud of white spray, and a wild stoop and flourish of the head, plunged furiously toward me. I saw the rustic maiden throw up her bare white arms, I heard a shriek, ‘As you vally your life!’ and, without pausing to make the calculation suggested, turned and leaped the deepest ditch and the prickliest hedge I ever met with in combination.

“But I was safe, for, scrambling up, I saw that the absurd animal had danced away to the other end of the meadow, where, in company with two quiet friends, and attended by an exceedingly small boy, she was grazing composedly as if nothing had happened.

“The demeanor of my maid-of-the-milking-pail was less satisfactory. She was standing, her hands pressed into her pretty sides, literally convulsed with laughter. ‘I must stop this,’ thought I, and, with what ease and dignity I could command, effected a sortie, and stood before her. Jack,” continued Mr. Meadfoot, emphatically, “on my honor, that girl's beauty struck me like a sudden gush of light. Her fresh, flower-like face, her deep blue eyes, swimming with the tears of mirth, her milk-white teeth, of which a good many were visible, though the rather wide mouth, to do it justice, could contract itself at pleasure into the sweetest rose-bud you ever saw, her royal wealth of hair, about nine-tenths of which had escaped from the coarse kerchief supposed to bind it, then her lithe and yet (as you turf fellows phrase it) ‘furnished’ figure, these—ah, well,” concluded Augustus, “the wiseacre that announced man-traps beside that copse was not such a booby, after all.”

“Here we are, opposite my club. Come in and taste our sherry,” said I. “You must finish the story of the disguised princess before we part.”

“The sequel is even of stronger interest,” replied Mr. Meadfoot, “as the sultana remarked when not altogether certain that she would be allowed to live to finish it. Humph! This sherry is sound. Her health, bless her!”

“Amen. Whose?”

“Alice's. Patience; I wish to omit no particulars. I left my shepherdess speechless with laughter. My approach did not check her merriment.

“‘Well, that were a queer start as ever I see,’ she gasped, wiping her beautiful eyes with the corner of a very coarse apron. ‘To see his boot-heels a-poppin' through the hedge. Oh my! oh my!’ (Another peal of laughter.)

“‘My dear girl,’ I remonstrated.

“‘I say, come, none o' that,’ retorted the maiden, growing suddenly serious, with even a slight frown appearing on her smooth brow. ‘Dear girl ain't my name.’

“‘What is your name?’

“‘Hen or Hem, as the case may be.’ (A demure courtesy.)

“‘May I, at least, be allowed to ask where you live?’ I inquired, piqued, but interested.

“‘Ho yes, sure,’ replied my Perdita. ‘I 'angs out, as Tom Turbary says, at Uncle Grumball's, down yeer.’ And she pointed backward with her thumb toward a hovel in the distance.

“‘Your excellent uncle resides in that—edifice?’ I exclaimed.

“‘No, he don't reside in the cow-h'us. Farm's ahind the copse. But, deary me, whatever shall we do about the milk?’ (touching the prostrate pail with her bare white foot. Though not small, it might have served for a sculptor's model). ‘Oh, Sir, 'twas all along of you coming so sudden upon Damson, which never see a gent in shiny boots afore.’

“‘Do all the pretty feet in this neighborhood go bare?’ I ventured to ask.

“‘There ain't none but mine,’ she said, simply; and pressing one of them down into the spongy green surface of the meadow, she brought it up white and pure as the milk that had just been shed there. ‘Well, I must walk my chalks, as Tom Turbary says,’ continued my sylvan goddess with a sigh.

“‘Who the d——, I mean, who is this Turbary, whose choice expressions you seem to relish so highly?’

“The damsel drew up her lithe form.

“‘Tom Turbary is him which keeps company with me—leastways, wants to’ (blessed qualification!), ‘and wouldn't never see me carrying all these things—pails, and stool, an' all—without saying, “Let me help 'ee,”’ remarked Perdita, with a quick side-glance of her blue eye.

“‘My darling child! I—I beg pardon.’ I was shocked at my own remissness. I hastily added: ‘In Mr. Turbary's, no doubt, unavoidable absence, and in his language, let *me* help 'ee.’

“‘That's you,’ said Perdita, briskly.

“I hardly thought it *was* me as I trudged along, carrying the pails, which the damsel imperiously confided to me, instead of the stool, which I should have preferred.

“‘You have many a pleasant walk with Mr. —Turbary, I suppose—eh?’ I inquired.

“‘Hah! A many. Specially nuttin' time,’ was the reply.

“‘And he is very agreeable?’

“‘Talks o' turmots, and such like.’

“‘Clever, is he?’

“‘Understands beastesses. Knows a good cow when he sis her,’ replied the nymph, carelessly.

“The range of Mr. Turbary's abilities was certainly not alarming. I fell into a momentary reverie, from which I was aroused by the clinking of one of my cans against a gate-post.

“‘Woa! Steady there!’ said my lovely guide, as if addressing a horse. ‘We can't afford to lose any more milk to-day. Farm's just round the next corner. Ha! ha! ha! If Tom could see me being helped by a swell, as he calls it!’

“‘Swell as I am, I can collapse at pleasure, as you have seen,’ said I, quietly lifting the wooden yoke from my shoulders, and placing the half-filled cans in safety on the ground. ‘And now, before we part, won't you tell me your name?’

“‘Alice Shortcake, sure.’

“‘Shake hands, Alice, dear Alice.’

“She put her hand frankly in mine. It was singularly small and soft, and out of harmony, I felt, with the girl's condition in life.

“‘What makes your hands so white?’ I asked, half angrily.

“She snatched it quickly back.

“‘I'm sure I don't know at all,’ she said, ruefully rubbing it hard with the other. ‘I s'pose it's the milk. But,’ brightening up, ‘they're better in winter. I has chilblains awful.’

“‘Alice, dear, I am very much obliged to Damson. She has given me a very happy half hour. I am sorry it is over.’

“‘So am I,’ said Perdita, very softly, and without raising her eyes.

“‘Good-by, dear.’

“‘Good-by.’

“‘But I must see your eyes.’

“‘Well, there!’

“They flashed up bluely, and fell again, not, however, before I had detected a crystal drop on each lower lid, awaiting orders. A sudden impulse seized me.

“‘Alice, darling, do you love—that is, intend to marry—this Tom Turbary?’

“‘I hate 'm—in that way,’ said the girl, with almost savage earnestness, which left no doubt of her sincerity.

“‘And will you be his wife?’

“‘Not if I knows it, as T—T—Tom—’

“But, in speaking, she burst into a passion of tears.

“‘Now, Alice dear, one question more. Shall I go on my way?’

“No answer. Lids down, cheeks crimson, slight heave of the fair bosom.

“‘Do you wish me to stay?’

“‘Can't say—but what—I doos,’ was the half-whispered reply.

“‘I almost wish you couldn't,’ I thought. But if the grammar was loose, the sense was perfect. ‘Alice, dear, do you know what I am thinking of?’

“‘Damson,’ coquettishly.

“‘Do you know what I desire most in the world? To marry Alice Shortcake.’

“‘Oh law!’

“‘Even so, my darling. Marriage law. What say you?’

“Alice looked up with eyes laughing through tears.

“‘To think that you should 'a been afeerd o' Damson. (Oh, them boot-heels!) Why, you're the boldest gentleman I ever did heer tell on. You doesn't know me from Haddam.’

“‘That we are both descended from that stock is enough for me,’ I said. ‘Ignorance, Alice, is the misfortune I am seeking to remedy. Help me. Do you like me, Alice?’

“‘Very much indeed,’ said my candid shepherdess.

“‘Is my being a gentle—that is, as Mr. Turbary would call it, a swell, very much against me?’

“‘Likes 'n, rather'n not.’

“‘Then you will be my wife?’

“‘No I woan't,’ was the reply. ‘Leastways, not now.’

“‘When, Alice?’

“‘Listen,’ said the girl, raising her blue eyes at last, and fixing them steadily on mine. ‘Don't ye come aneer me, nor write to me, nor even think of me, if you can help it, for three months. Then, if you still remember Alice Shortcake, I won't say but you'll find her where you seen her first, in the meadow by the copse, a-milking Cowslip (which is quieter than Damson), about sunset. Go now, Sir, if you please. That's *your* road, alongside the hedge, past the pound where the donkey is—and—(well—God bless 'ee, anyways)—here's *mine.*’

“The white feet went twinkling down the road. I was alone.

“Well, Jack, I have little more to add, but that's significant. As luck would have it, I found in the incumbent of the adjoining parish my old college friend, Hyndman. He introduced me to the curate of Spuddington, who was well acquainted with the respectable old Grumballs, and knew the bright creature who had, from a child, been the light of their house, as she was now the aid and the solace of their declining years. Alice had been sought in marriage by every celibate clod within a radius of ten miles; nay, even the remote market-town of Ditchingford had sent its suitor. All in vain. Mr. Thomas Turbary's chances had indeed been spoken of as fair, but the opinion was found to originate with himself, and to be devoid of any more foundation than that old Mr. Grumball had, for some time, owed him (Mr. Turbary) a ‘little matter of money.’

“Jack, you know what I have always said. Simplicity and truth for me. I am wearied of the artificiality of what is ironically termed ‘good society,’ its polished hypocrisies, its gilded meanness, its immeasurable falsehood, its smiling hate. What if you sometimes lose in refinement? You are royally repaid in truth. Leave your educated sweets, your delicate human exotics, for those who prize such fribble. The hardy, honest wayside flower for me.

“Sir, I returned to Spuddington-the-Less. On that day three months, at set of sun, my shiny boots reflected his parting glow as they rounded the copse, and marched, without flinching, straight upon a group of cows, patiently awaiting the attentions of the whitest-fingered milkmaid that ever jingled can.

“I forbear to describe the meeting. Enough that, in three short weeks, which seemed as many years, I married Alice Shortcake, my friend Hyndman officiating, and my ex-rival, Tom Turbary (resplendent in a bottle-green coat) enacting the part of best man.

“What happened to my darling during those three months I can not say. In grace and propriety of manner she might have lived in a circle of duchesses! My only terror is that she should become too refined. Except in little faults of grammar, and occasional expressions of the Turbarian school—which I correct jocosely—Alice is perfect, Sir—perfect. As I said before, I am the happiest fellow extant. Come down to our cot at Hammersmith, and see. The honey-moon is is not over, but you are an old friend. Thanks; no more sherry. Hi there, hansom! Hammersmith.”

II.

The next day but one, I visited the married turtles. Meadfoot was alone, in the front garden.

“She has run in for a moment,” he said, “but will be down directly. A little nervous, you see, at first, in society that she— Do you know she asked me twice at breakfast how she should behave! I was a little impatient the second time, and answered: ‘Exactly as is most natural to you, Alice. I wish my friend to see and know precisely whom I have married, without artifice or affectation of any kind.’ Here she comes!”

Mrs. Meadfoot came tripping along the path, holding out both her pretty hands. She was in appearance all—and more than all—her husband had depicted her. But her first words startled me a little:

“Well, Jack, how's yourself?”

“My dear! my dear!” said Augustus, rather hastily, “Mr. Milford is only ‘Jack’ to his male friends! And, inasmuch as he can not be any body but himself, a little less stress, my darling, on the personal pronoun.”

The pretty lips pouted for a moment, then parted, a sunny smile revealing the whitest teeth imaginable.

“How tired you must be!” Alice continued. “Especially if you stumped it all this way.”

“Ahem!” said Meadfoot.

“My dear?” said Alice, opening her innocent blue eyes.

“Nature, darling, made man a walking, not a stumping, animal.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry!” said the beautiful creature, corrected; “I done as I was bid.”

“I trust, my love, that you will never ‘dun’ any body. What you may *do* is another grammatical question altogether,” replied her husband.

Alice looked a little puzzled; but a topic being started on which she conversed with perfect ease and propriety, both recovered their equanimity, and Meadfoot was evidently delighted at the impression his little wife was making on me.

“Well,” he remarked, presently, “I must leave you two together for a few minutes, while I dispatch my letters.” And with a glance at once tender and cautionary, he went into the house.

Mrs. Meadfoot continued the conversation, and, without the slightest effort or display, positively astonished me with her intelligence and mental culture. In a few minutes we were summoned in to lunch, and here again all went charmingly until Alice, as if suddenly recollecting her duties as hostess, asked me if I would not take some more “swizzle.”

“My love!” ejaculated Augustus, much shocked. “‘Swizzle!’ You seem to have reserved some most extraordinary conversational gems for my friend. Bitter beer, if you please. Bitter beer.”

“Oh, now, Augustus, dear, you told me,” pleaded Alice's sweet full voice, her eyes brimful of tears.

“Told you, darling? Told you to be vulgar?”

“No, no, dear. Natural. ‘Exactly as was most natural,’ you said. So I tried to remember the words I used when I was natural, and hadn't learned a bit. And oh! I couldn't think of any more!" Another sob.

"Well, well, my love," said Meadfoot, laughing heartily; "Milford, having now learned your natural gifts, may prefer the acquired. But, oh—yes...... Good Heaven! it is that woman!" he continued, rising hastily, much disturbed, as a coroneted carriage, drawn by magnificent bays, drew up at the gate.

Alice, blushing like a very rose, seemed to partake of her husband's annoyance, and, either from a sign from him, or from an impulse of her own, vanished from the room.

"It is my aunt-godmother, the dowager Countess of Haughtington," Meadfoot explained; "the proudest woman on earth, and the only visitor I dread. She heard of my marriage, was furious, and now honors us with this early visit, impatient to wound my poor little rustic wife with her refined sarcasms, or crush her with her haughty condescension. Excuse me, Jack; I shall not be long. She shall have no lunch, if she stops a fortnight," added Augustus, spitefully, as he left the room.

The countess (he afterward told me) met him with the sweet but rather diabolical smile well known to her enemies—and these were not a few—as meaning mischief. She had, moreover, a cordial manner of extending her arms, which forcibly recalled that famous instrument of execution which, using the same gesture, folded the criminal to a bosom richly set with spikes five inches long.

"How shall I plead for pardon?" demanded the kind lady, sweetly. "Dearest Augustus! My jealousy lest any one should welcome my lovely niece before me compelled me to forestall permission. I am positively wretched till I hold her in my arms."

"Your misery, my dear aunt," said Meadfoot, quietly, "shall last no longer than your niece requires to take off her cooking-apron, smooth her hair, and practice the courtesy with which she, no doubt, intends to meet your ladyship's condescension."

"You are jesting, I suppose," said Lady Haughtington. "But, in any case, why this preparation? True elegance and refinement are independent of such aids."

"My wife was a dairy-maid and farm-servant," said Augustus, slowly, looking his aunt in the face. "And your ladyship knows it."

The countess colored slightly, and if, as asserted, people do sometimes "look daggers," the point of a very sharp one glistened for a second in her eye. But she sheathed it instantly. War was not her game.

"My boy, I do know it," she replied, in a tone of condolence that was not entirely hypocritical. "Well, I will not say that I rejoiced. The noblest blood of England can not see itself suddenly allied to the poorest without repugnance. But there! it is a fact accomplished. And now," she added, with a bewitching frankness that would have deceived any but the fore-armed, "I have a petition. Will you grant it?"

"I am too sensible of your friendship, my dear aunt, to refuse any thing you are likely to ask," replied that humbug Augustus.

"Accord me, then, the pleasant duty of introducing this wild rose of yours into those circles where her fresh, uncultivated loveliness, her natural grace and sweet simplicity, will place her at once among the most admired."

"In other words," said Meadfoot, calmly, "take possession of my wife while yet unaltered in her rustic thoughts and ways, and, in revenge for the connection I have given you, make her, through her supposed vulgarity, her ignorance, her awkward demeanor and dowdy attire, the laughing-stock of every acquaintance of your ladyship—and I fear they are many—whose selfish souls can batten on such food. Calm yourself, if you please, Lady Haughtington. I do but repeat your own incautious words, reported to me by one on whose word I can rely. Quickly as you have found us, my dear aunt, your kindly purpose has, you see, been beforehand with you."

Lady Haughtington rose up, white with rage.

"You are right, Sir," she hissed through her set teeth. "That was my purpose. Do you imagine that any thing less could have induced me to cross that threshold? That any thing but hate—unmitigated hate and biting revenge—could have tempted me to look upon the vacuous visage of this dairy-wench, this farm drudge, this barefooted beggar-girl, whom you—King Cophetua the Second—have plucked from the ditch to make your wife? You miserable fool, farewell! I have done with you."

"Will you not see my wife, Lady Haughtington?" asked Meadfoot. "In the society of which your ladyship is the most distinguished ornament courtesy, I think, suggests—"

"I will not see her. My carriage, Sir."

"But she is here," said her nephew, as Alice, simply but tastefully dressed, tripped into the room with the grace of a princess. Augustus thought he had never seen her look so fair.

The countess, watching at the window for her carriage, did not deign to move.

Stepping forward, Meadfoot took his wife's hand and drew her toward the window.

"My wife, Lady Haughtington, expects your greeting."

The countess turned like a tigress brought to bay. What passionate words the high-bred lady would have permitted herself to utter can only be surmised, for, as her flashing eyes fell upon Alice, their fury died away. Her whole aspect changed. The flush of anger gave way to a deadly pallor, and the whole stately figure quivered for an instant as if about to fall.

"Who—what—is this? Rosa!" she gasped out, faintly. The lips remained open, as if farther utterance failed.

"My name is Alice."

"Voice, too; eyes, lips, hair! Child, your mother's name? Speak! What was she called?"

"I never knew her," said Alice; "but"—taking a locket miniature from her bosom—"here is her likeness, and here, at the back, two letters, R. V."

"Rosa Vavasour!" murmured the countess, with deep emotion. "It is the finger of Heaven. I need not ask you how they knew this to be your mother's face. Are you not her living image?"

"You knew her, aunt?" asked Meadfoot, eagerly.

"Knew her! She was my sister: that Aunt Rosa whose name and memory have been so banished from our tongues and hearts that it is little wonder you have forgotten such a being ever had existence. She was the very jewel of our hearts, but she made a mean and secret marriage, and we cast her off. They died in poverty, unnoticed, unforgiven, and their one child—we knew that one had been born to them—was adopted by some compassionate neighbor in the sequestered village in which they had resided under a borrowed name. We never sought the orphan, rejoicing, in our pride, that she should be thus, as it were, cut off from our line. But, Augustus, Providence has rebuked and overruled our selfish ends. You have been directed to the orphan's home. You have married your *cousin*. Forgive me, both of you," concluded the countess, shedding, for once in a way, genuine tears, as she folded Alice in her arms. "I lament my pride and passion. Henceforth, my children, give me what love you can, as I, in all sincerity, offer you mine."

Among the presentations at a drawing-room that occurred shortly after the interview above described I noticed, "The Honorable Mrs. Meadfoot, on her marriage, by her aunt, the Countess of Haughtington."

FRANCE UNDER THE INVADER.

A FRENCH member of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded, who made the campaign of the Loire with the army of General Chanzy, gives the following sad and touching pictures of the desolations caused by the war:

The drain on all the resources of the country caused by the influx of such vast numbers of men, and the individual acts of brutality committed, formed a grievous addition to the sufferings of the people. The large requisitions soon exhausted every province visited by the armies, although the cantonments were carefully selected, and the number of men quartered in each place was always in approximate proportion to its size and resources. The wonderful organization of the German commissariat, and the regularity with which supplies were forwarded, averted the famine which would otherwise have been inevitable. Yet none but an eye-witness can understand what a scourge the presence of the immense armies of our day is to a country.

The people of Marchenoir, St. Léonard, and Oucques, and those living on the road between Beaugency and Vendôme, may be truly said not to have had a moment's repose from the 10th to the 31st of December. The whole night through they were on the *qui vive*, being not unfrequently obliged to turn out of their beds in order to make room for the enemy, and set out in the snow and rain in search of shelter in some shed or stable. Their houses were overrun day and night by soldiers, who passed their days in eating, drinking, and making a noise, and often ended by ransacking every hole and corner, and carrying off whatever they could lay hands on. I saw women and old men who during this time had been driven mad through sheer fright, and I know that others died from the hardships they had had to endure. At the commencement of the campaign plundering was comparatively a rare offense, and was even punished with some severity, but latterly it became quite habitual, and the officers did not venture to attempt to stop it. The men used to sell their spoils to the sutlers who followed the army, and the possibility of always realizing a little sum in this way accounts for the curious articles they occasionally took. A metronome, for instance, which had been stolen at Orleans, was left behind at Ouzouer by a soldier.

Peasants who attempted to protect their property from depredation generally met with ill usage, for the Germans are rough by nature, and even women and children did not always escape blows at their hands; but it would be false to say that violence and theft were the rule. A hundred thousand pillagers among a million of men are enough to account for the greatest outrages. The behavior of the Germans differed very widely according to the district they came from, and depended also a good deal on the example set them by their officers. For while the Third Army Corps imitated the savage violence of Prince Frederick Charles and his staff, and while the Mecklenburgers and the Pomeranians stole plate and even women's clothing from the houses of Oucques, and stopped men in the street to take the very shoes from their feet, the Ninth Army Corps imitated the gentleness, courtesy, and dignity of General Von Manstein's staff, and fifty thousand Rhinelanders, Hanoverians, and Saxons passed through Ouzouer-le-Marché without doing more devastation than our own army would have done. The Pomeranians, Poles, Silesians, East Prussians, and Bavarians were the most cruel, and any one falling into their hands, particularly those of the Bavarians, was almost certain to be roughly treated. I speak from experience, for I saw some of their doings at Raucourt, in the Ardennes. Many who were originally good and gentle became coarse and rapacious by the force of sheer ignorance. They seemed to take a sort of stupid pleasure in destroying and breaking, and were so undisciplined that their officers, who are more humane than the Prussians, possessed little authority over them. On the other hand, I willingly testify to the consideration with which the soldiers of Brandenburg, Saxony, Hanover, and the Rhenish provinces behaved to the people. The Saxons especially were remarkable for their humanity. I was told by some wounded Frenchmen, after the battle of Privat, that the Saxons, with whom they had just been fighting, on seeing them fall, ran up and raised them from the ground, and embraced them with tears in their eyes; and there were Saxons wounded at the battle of Sedan who said to me: "At last we are disabled, and shall be sent back to Germany without seeing more of these horrors. Thank God, we have not fired a single shot; yet we have not intentionally shunned danger, though we have not to reproach ourselves with any fellow-creature's death."

The most remarkable feature of the campaign was the respect paid by the Germans to women; and this is a national virtue, and one to which in a great measure the Germanic race owes its power. Individual outrages may have been perpetrated, but not one came under my notice in the long course of my seven months' experience, neither did I hear one testified to as a positive fact. Every where, on the contrary, I saw women treated with true respect, in a manner that astonished the French soldiers, who, on several occasions remarked to me, "We should have behaved rather differently if we had been in their place." As for the children, from the first day they were fast friends with the Germans. If there was nothing to eat in a house, and complaints were made "à cause des enfants," the whole family was sure to be supplied with food. The soldiers played with the children, went about with them, and got them to give them lessons in French; and more than once the presence of children in a house was sufficient to convert the enemies into friends. They would begin to talk of their own children, showing on their fingers how they had "one, two, three," and "so big," showing with their hand how tall each was. Religious feeling and patriotism often went hand in hand with this family-love. On the banks of the Loire they still fought in imagination "für Deutschland's Vertheidigung," and almost every man bore the motto "Mit Gott, für König und Vaterland" in his heart as well as on his helmet. On the other hand, there was a good deal of superstition mingled with their religion. A great many of them, for instance, carried about a strange, uncouth prayer, which they believed to have fallen from heaven in the seventeenth century, and which was considered a protection against both the enemies' balls and the bite of mad dogs. It must be owned that there were not a few who contrived to reconcile violence and pillage with their devotion; but I met numbers whose piety, *naïve* as it seemed, was nevertheless truly noble and sincere. On one occasion the Roman Catholic chaplain of the ambulance gave a consecrated medal to a wounded German. When he left, the man said to the surgeon, "Your chaplain is very kind, but the medal is not of much use to me; I had two already, and they did not prevent me from getting my leg broken. But," he added, holding up a New Testament I had given him the day before, "this has helped me to pass some happy hours." There was not one that entered our ambulance but asked for a Testament, and read it devoutly every morning. I was well aware of the high level to which instruction had reached in Germany, but I had no notion before this campaign to what an extraordinary extent the national intelligence had been developed by the universal spread of instruction. For instance, almost all the soldiers had pocket-books, in which they made notes on the campaign. They could not only read, but were fond of reading, and every one could write. The clearness and vigor of their understanding were a continual source of surprise, and made it a real pleasure to talk to them; while the fullness and accuracy which characterized any information that they gave me showed in the most convincing manner how deep down in the social strata the critical spirit, which is the glory of German science, has penetrated. In describing a battle they would always draw a clear distinction between what they knew from their own personal experience or on reliable authority, and what they had gathered from mere hearsay. They were just in their appreciation of the French, and always ready to recognize any real superiority either in their tactics or method of fighting, and in their courage. All which convinces me that in many respects it is not too much to say that, comparing the two sides, the Germans were like men fighting with children. In the ambulance their opposite qualities showed themselves in the strongest light. Vices which were developed on the battle-field disappeared on the bed of suffering, and the noble side of human nature came to view. Above all we were struck by the warm gratitude the Germans expressed for the care they received, and the unfailing patience with which they endured suffering. The only two Uhlans whom we nursed were the best fellows in the world. Whether previous depredations had left them no unsatisfied wants I do not know; but I do know that they would accept no money from us at parting, and even insisted on returning the slippers which I had lent them from the ambulance stores. Our wounded all ended by becoming our true friends, and hardly a man left us without shedding tears. The energy and resignation displayed by our patients, with very rare exceptions, were quite remarkable, and greatly facilitated the task of nursing them. An instance or two of this I can not forbear relating.

At Coulmiers I found a young lieutenant of the Bavarian artillery with his thigh-bone fractured by a ball. He was lying on the ground when I found him, quite still and motionless, with his head resting on his arm, and without uttering a sound. "Are you in pain?" I asked. "Yes, very great." "Would you like to be moved?" "Do as you will; I am in your power; it is for you to decide." I moved him with some difficulty, and placed him on a carriage. A French colonel, with the most perfect courtesy, handed him his sword, which he had forgotten; the lieutenant raised himself, and thanked him with a smile. Throughout the whole of that tedious and trying journey he endured terrible agony, but not a word escaped his lips; and during the three months he remained under my care I never heard him utter a single complaint. We had a Bavarian soldier who was even more seriously wounded, his right leg having been shattered, and the left thigh-bone completely fractured close to the hip—both injuries apparently mortal. After the bones had been set, and the wounds dressed for the first time, he shook us cordially by the hand, and said, "Try to save me, for I am an only son." This brave fellow passed a whole month without sleep, and bore inconceivable sufferings without ever complaining. Though originally a big, robust man, his sufferings reduced him to a mere skeleton; in the end, however, his brave spirit gained the victory, and he recovered.

And yet this man of iron constitution had within him an almost feminine sensibility and tenderness; he could never speak of his country or his family without tears, nor see one of us go away without similar emotion. On Christmas-eve he said to me, "What day of the month is it?" "The 24th." "How many there are who will not spend Christmas at home!" he replied, the great tears running down his cheeks. One of our surgeons witnessed another striking instance of the same power of resignation.

On the evening of the battle of Coulmiers he said to a young wounded officer whom he found lying in one of the rooms, "Where are you wounded?" "It's useless to ask; my wound is mortal; it is here," he added, pointing to his stomach. The surgeon examined and dressed it, trying at the same time to re-assure him, though his condition was quite hopeless. A priest who was present asked the young man if he were a Roman Catholic? "No." Our surgeon then found a Protestant chaplain, and brought him to his side. "I told you I was not a Roman Catholic," said the young officer, "but I am not a Protestant either; I have lived till now without religion, and so I shall die;" and he turned to the wall without betraying in a single muscle of his face the horrible moral and physical sufferings he must have been enduring. He said, if I remember right, that he was the son of a Bavarian embassador in Paris.

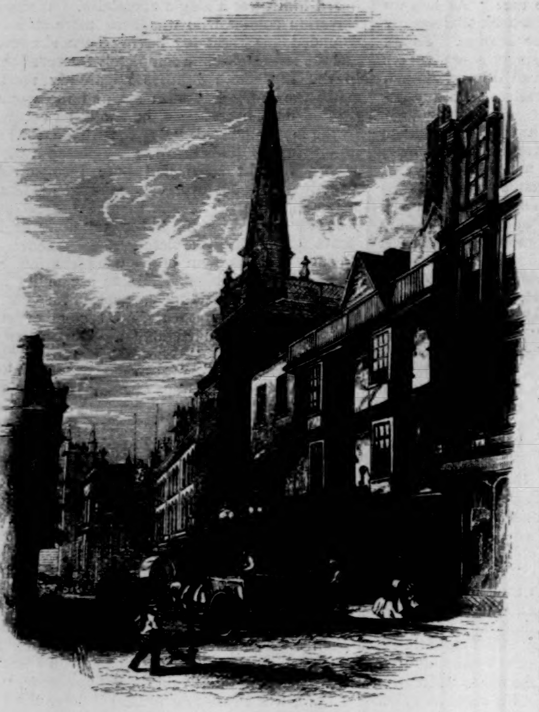
COUNT RUMFORD.

IT is sometimes sarcastically said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but the truth of the saying is not unfrequently illustrated in sober fact. Who, among the majority of ordinary folk, has ever heard of Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford? And it would be difficult—nay, impossible—to mention any philosopher, statesman, and philanthropist, all in one, of whom so little is known. The great characteristic of Rumford is that, while he was a philosopher, he was eminently a practical philosopher. Rumford did not write merely speculative essays, or simply propound abstruse theories. He was, above all others, the philosopher of common things. He made the feeding, clothing, warming, and sheltering of mankind sciences in themselves. The comprehensiveness of his grasp was amazing. In looking over the list of the subjects of his essays and researches we range from the "Force of fired Gunpowder," "Naval Signals," or the "Harmony of Colors," to the "Philosophy of Cooking" and the "Preparation of cheap Soups, Indian Puddings, Macaroni, Potato Salads," etc. At one time we find him discussing, as learnedly as the Astronomer Royal, the movements of the molecules of a heated fluid, and the chemical properties of light; at another, the pleasure of eating and drinking, and the means that may be employed for increasing it. Rumford was commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria to reorganize the Bavarian army. He studied the philosophy of cookery, and made experiments on the nourishing qualities of different kinds of food, with a view to feeding the men as well and as economically as possible. He determined the best material for the soldier's clothing; and, to this end, he first considered the function of clothing, and found that in winter it should resist the escape of the animal heat to the cooler atmosphere, and thus maintain the body at the temperature required. For this purpose a non-conductor—or, at least, a bad conductor—of heat is required. The relative conducting power of different clothing materials being in his time unknown, he constructed a theoretical soldier in the shape of a thermometer, which he could clothe with the materials he wished to test, and in this manner he obtained the results. Benjamin Thompson began life in extreme poverty—was a poor teacher in a colonial village school; yet, step by step, he rose to such honor and distinction that, when the Elector of Bavaria was forced to fly from Munich, the temporary sovereignty was handed over, with plenary powers, to Count Rumford, and he wielded his authority with complete success. He practically solved great social problems, which now, after a lapse of over seventy years, are puzzling the brains of modern wiseacres. He abolished mendicity from a country where beggars absolutely swarmed. He succeeded in making the rogues and vagabonds of Bavaria pay all the expenses of their food, clothing, and lodging, and leave a handsome balance over and above. He provided for the poor without poor-rates. He was, in short, a great statesman, a practical soldier, a skillful mechanic and engineer, a successful philanthropist, and a real philosopher.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

By S. C. HALL.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SOUTHEY.

IT was not my happy destiny to know much of Robert Southey—the man of all the men of letters of my time I most revere; yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he never wrote a line that "dying he might wish to blot," certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian in theory only; he practiced *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master; and the less assured believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed skepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in faith?

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession*: it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honor to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honorable independence solely from literary labor; "whose *ways*," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high-road, but whose *means* lie in an inkstand." It can not fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey; so useful to every class that came under his influence; at once so high and so humble; so honorable, so independent, so pure; so brave, yet so conciliating; so prudent, yet so generous; so careful of all home duties; so truly the idol of a household; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men; so rational in the expenditure of time; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed; so true to man, and so faithful to God!

The family of Southey was originally—as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine Street: I have engraved it. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.

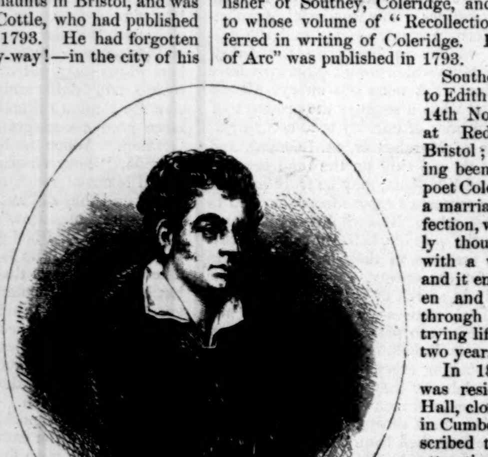
Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol. In 1793 he visited the school "when it had ceased to be one," and that visit induced a poem, entitled "The Retrospect," which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794, and addressed to "Edith," his after wife. These are the concluding lines:

"My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

In 1836, accompanied by his son Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his "Joan of Arc" in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way!—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognized among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-wearied, man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden mostly in the paths of peace; but he had a long career of struggles passed, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman's house in Wine Street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the intellectual wealth he had acquired—to lavish it on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker; but if that thought had come to him, which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him, in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past.

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster, his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offense; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ-church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labor"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of "Recollections" I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1793.



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

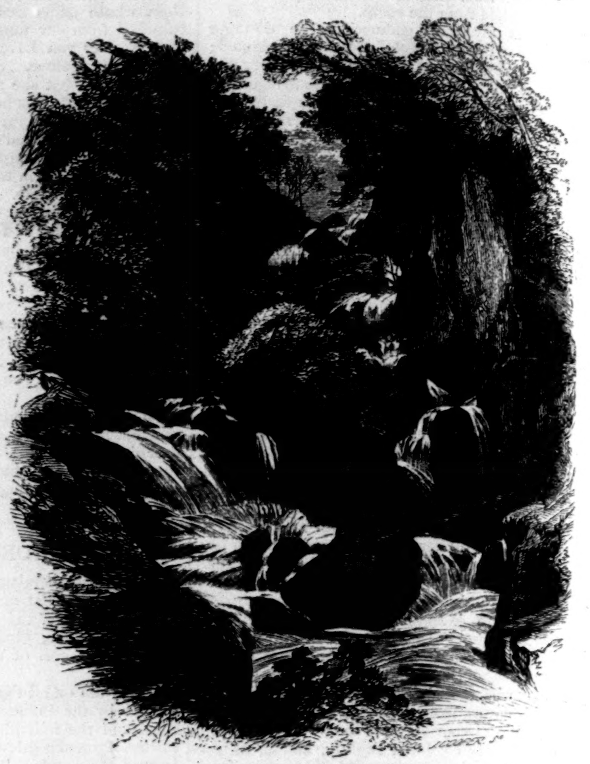
Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying lifetime of forty-two years.

In 1801 Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality: "A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed. There he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighboring church-yard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighborhood—many far off, with whom to correspond—with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

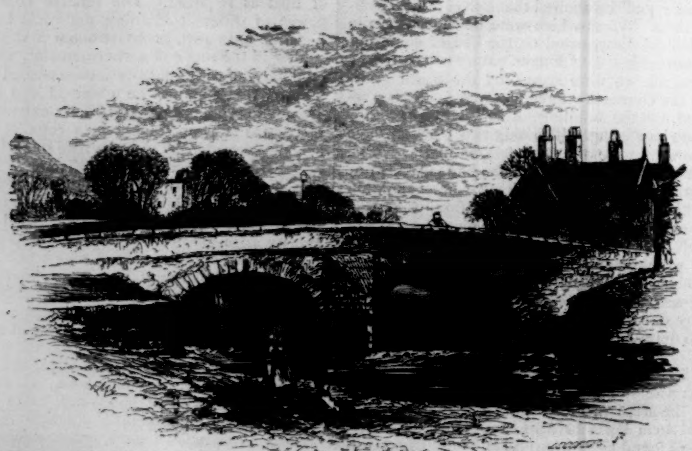
It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey: its main facts are well known; yet some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and surely it is not too much to say Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.



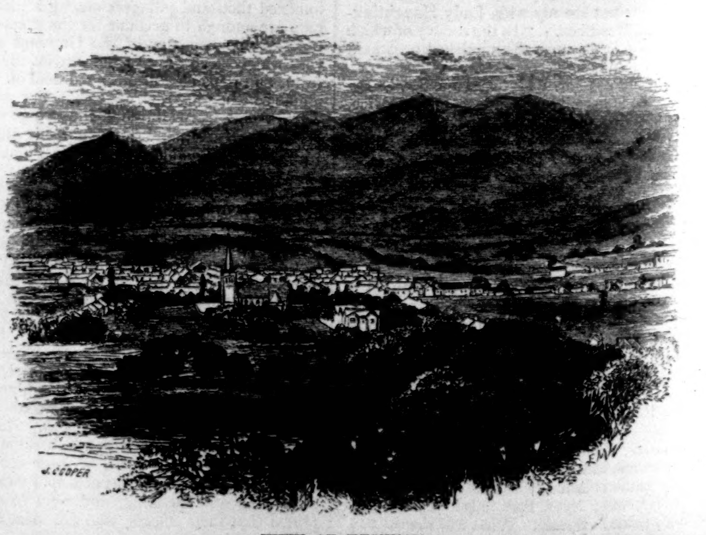
THE FALL OF LODORE.

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey; but the Laureate was an overmatch for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegado," Southey addressed to him a letter, explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a bookseller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.

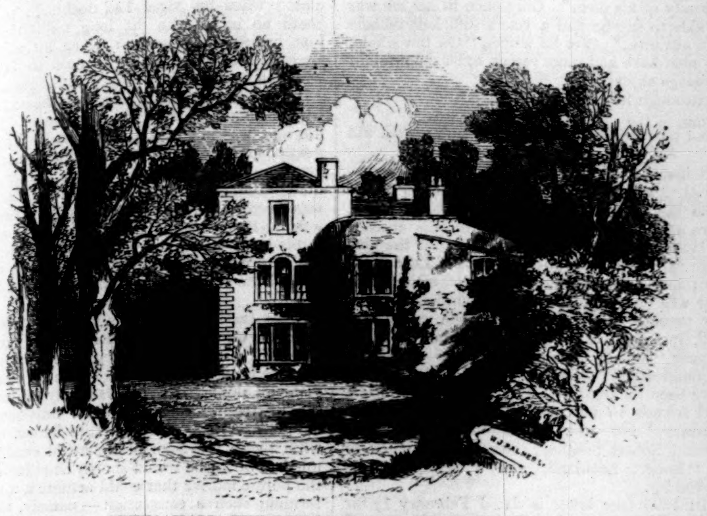
The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defense" as the English language can supply—stern, fierce, and desperately bitter, yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to "Wat Tyler:" "Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them"—and when he says of himself, "He has not ceased to love liberty with all his heart, with



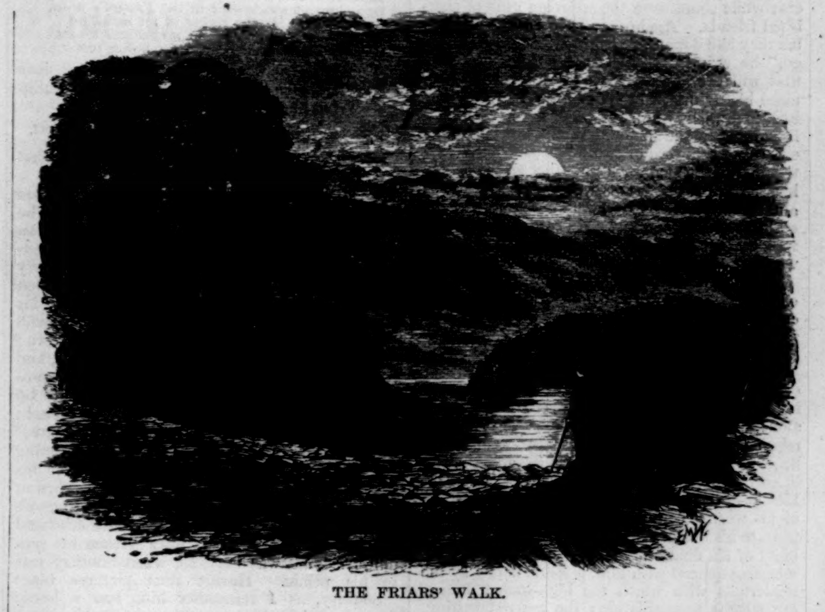
GRETA BRIDGE.



VIEW OF KESWICK.



GRETA HALL, THE DWELLING OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.



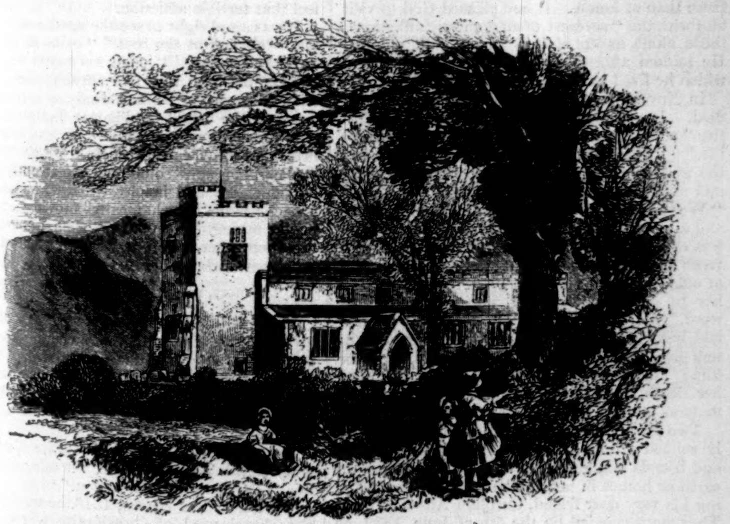
THE FRIARS' WALK.

all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind;...... that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."[*]

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upward and onward struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on which he wrote—advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to "cry him down" as a Tory, a government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organized system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the game laws; arguments for greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labor of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing interments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;[*] the wise humanity of Magdalen institutions; against a Puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy.

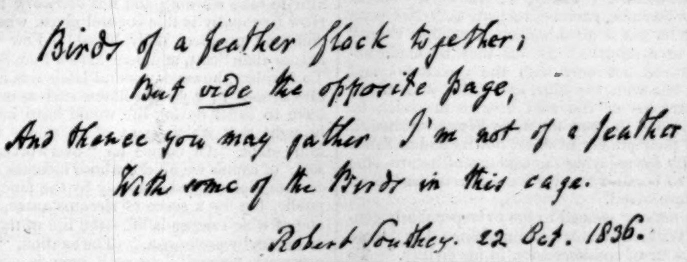


CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey, in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, "a renegade:"

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh, grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

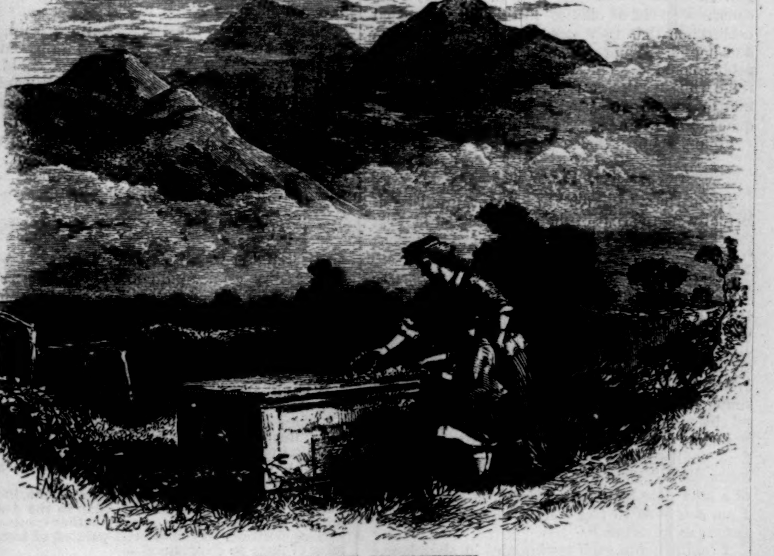


Birds of a feather flock together;
But vide the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the Birds in this cage.
Robert Southey. 22 Oct. 1836.

FAC-SIMILE OF SOUTHEY'S HANDWRITING.

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that "rescued them from great poverty." It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amidst troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem "brimful of power and of promise," he "wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a year," of which "he would himself give £10," to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while "life was in its prime," Knowles enjoyed the aid but a short time: "the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it." So far back as 1809 he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Elliott, saying, "Go on, and you will prosper." The footman, "honest John Jones," and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which Peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review;* and of the poems of each he was the "editor," to the profit as well as honor of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron:"

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offenses that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance can not cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."



THE GRAVE OF SOUTHEY.

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was indeed a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematized," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the quantity of labor he "got through."[*]

It was to this regularity the world is mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment," his son tells us; and he himself describes the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labor only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependence was chiefly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that "the £200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says: "The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring and paid my marriage fees was supplied by you;" and he adds, "There lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude or more affection."

The income he derived from his post of Poet Laureate he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained."[*] He was a spendthrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife;" it was, at all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them: gradually they multiplied until they numbered 14,000 volumes. With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from which some of them came: from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many;

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[*] He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's Album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Bonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth.

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But *vide* the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.
"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22d *October*, 1836."

Some years afterward Charles Dickens, good-humoredly referring to Southey's change of opinion, wrote in the Album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage.
"BOZ."

[*] "I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be; to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved."

[*] Some idea of his early industry in verse-making may be formed from the fact that, in 1793, he burned ten thousand verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside fifteen thousand as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—*Southey, in a letter to Montgomery.*

[*] From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage: "Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' for fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. He has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

from the old book-stalls, where he haunted, others; while some were the welcome gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upward of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy" character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who by no means takes a generous view of his works, their motives, and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation; the essayist writing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey; yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet Laureate of George IV.: "An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favor. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed, generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

I may, however, quote this passage from a letter written to me by Walter Savage Landor:

> "Of late years the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet in the present or the past century has written three such poems as 'Thalaba,' 'Kehama,' and 'Roderick.' Others have more excelled in DELINEATING what they find before them in life, but none have given such proofs of extraordinary power in CREATING. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry, as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us, but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did poet more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affection. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue."

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but "the conscience void of offense" justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says, "Future critics will have to record that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

I quote his own lines:

"We soon live down
Evil or good report when undeserved."

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier: "It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius free from all their characteristic defects." He deposes also to the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labors, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As "son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;" and in one of his letters to Southey of a later date he writes, "God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue."

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey's death, are inscribed on his monument:

"Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of "Philip Van Artevelde:"

"That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindliest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that
never set."

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was "tall, dignified; an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and innocence; possessing great suavity of manners."* His height was five feet eleven inches. "His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face." So writes his son, who adds that "many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth," when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice—once at Holland House and once at one of Rogers's breakfasts—said, "To have that man's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics." That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime. Hazlitt thus pictures him: "Southey, as I remember him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected." Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.†

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth, "His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement." Thus wrote De Quincey long afterward: "So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them." "Study," Hazlitt says, "serves him for business, exercise, recreation." Not quite so, for he was a good walker, "walking twenty miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes, "There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not among the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends." But he adds, "For honor the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey can not well have a superior." He writes also "of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;" and adds that "his golden equanimity was bound up in a threefold chain—in a conscience clear of offense, in the recurring enjoyments from his honorable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections."

Southey was "constitutionally cheerful, and therefore hopeful." In a letter to James Montgomery he thus writes: "Oh that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness which I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance! For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the sky-lark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders, I should be up with him in the sunshine caroling for pure joy."

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

His religion was practical. In his calm solitude, amidst a quiet and contented peasantry, few cases of grief and misery came in his way, and he was ever too busy a man to seek them; but there were many pensioners on his small income; some who had rights, others who had none. This is one of his very few references to the subject: "It is my fate to have more claimants upon me than usually fall to the share of a man who has a family of his own." Only once in his life was he able to say he had a year's sufficient income "in advance." Yet he writes, "On the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for blessings enjoyed."

Although he said of himself,

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will
give,"

anticipated honors were not the only ones he enjoyed, albeit he was so wise as uniformly to decline the political and social distinctions that were offered him. In 1826, during his absence in Holland, he was elected member for the borough of Downton by the influence of Lord Radnor; that honor he declined, as consistent neither with his circumstances, inclinations, habits, nor pursuits in life. Moreover, the return was *null*, inasmuch as he held a pension of £200 a year "during pleasure," and was without a "qualification." The latter objection would have been removed by a subscription of admirers and friends to purchase for him the requisite "estate;" but other objections retained their force. Robert Southey, therefore, continued to be "Robert Lackland," and a new writ was moved for.

In 1835 (the letter is dated February 1) Sir Robert Peel communicated to Southey thus: "I have advised the king to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honor that literature alone can never confer." And in a second letter Sir Robert alludes to the eminent services he had rendered not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion.

That honor Southey also declined, having, however, first communicated with his son, and found the opinions and feelings of that son in entire harmony with his own. "I am writing," he said, "for a livelihood, and a livelihood is all I have gained." Incessant work "enabled him to live respectably, nothing more:" "without his pension," he says, "it would not have done even that."

Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey, entreats him to take warning and not *overwork* himself. How frequently is this counsel given, where only daily toil produces daily bread! Few worked harder than Scott, and none harder than Southey. To Southey, however, mental labor was an absolute necessity; a year of illness such as most men have to suffer during life would have inevitably brought that which most of all things terrified him—debt. Of course he "overworked" himself; of course we all do, whose incomes are precarious, determined not only by the fancy of the public, but by a score of circumstances, on any one of which depends life—the life of the "man of letters by profession." The caution, "Do not overwork yourself," to such men is something like the prescription of port-wine daily to an artisan whose wages are twenty shillings a week.

The prime minister, however, had the happiness to augment his pension to £500 a year. That independence came somewhat late; it was the sunshine when the day was closing in, but it dispelled the clouds that otherwise would have darkened its decline. He had passed his sixtieth year, having known but one great sorrow—the loss of his darling son, Herbert:

"In whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved."

The "common lot" had been his, but troubles were now gathering with age. In 1834 his beloved wife was placed in a lunatic asylum, in the vain hope that her restoration might be surer there than at home. It had pleased God to visit him with the "severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters." He seldom afterward quitted the retirement in which he lived at Greta Hall.

In November, 1837, his wife, Edith Southey, died. It was, as he writes to his old friend Cottle, "a change from life to death, from death to life." "While she was with me I did not feel the weight of years; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy." "We have been married two-and-forty years, and a more affectionate and devoted wife no man was ever blessed with." "After two-and-forty years of marriage, no infant was ever more void of offense toward God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word." His wife was his "note-taker;" her pen had been his ever-ready help before her daughters grew up to aid him. She made extracts for him; and therefore he writes, in a letter after her death, "She will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live, and retain my senses."*

Two years afterward, when his threshold rarely echoed familiar footsteps, when his children and friends had gradually departed for homes on earth or homes in heaven, he resolved on marrying his very dear friend, Caroline Anne Bowles. They were married on the 5th of June, 1839, at Boldre Church, and he returned to Greta Hall with her in the August following.†

She came to his home when it was all but desolate; when his vigor had declined; when he could no more take the long walks that gave him health and strength; when his mind was clouded, and when his days could be but few; when he was indeed "shaken at the root."

I knew Caroline Bowles before she became the wife of Southey. She had long passed the middle age, was not handsome, though with a very gentle manner and gracious countenance; a lovable, because a good, woman. Her books, though now seldom read, are not forgotten. She was worthy to be the companion, the friend, the wife, of Robert Southey. She has been silent as to his latter days; but it is certain, from the pious nature of her mind, that she led him onward toward the celestial city to which he was hastening.

"No sacrifice," writes one of the friends of Caroline Bowles (in a contribution to the *Athenæum*), "could have been greater than the one she was induced to make. It can be placed beyond all doubt that she was fully prepared for the distressing calamity which impended over both......She consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced, from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection—namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him."

That was indeed true heroism. Her high and holy purpose was accomplished, and we may be very sure she had her reward.

I have preserved a letter from Caroline Bowles to Mrs. Hall, dated July 2, 1830, which contains passages that may illustrate her character:

> "At present the little energy restored by partial restoration to health is all in requisition to answer claims of this 'work-a-day world' which may not be put off till a more convenient season; and then, I must confess, that when I can command my own time, and a gleam of sunshine is vouchsafed to us, I am more restless *within walls* than a squirrel in his cage, and grudge every moment not spent in the garden, or in a little open carriage, or on the back of a certain palfrey, Mhiken yclept, whose diminutive proportions would just fit him for a charger to Queen Mab, and who seems to have as much taste for scrambling with me over hill, dale, and common, as if he was still roaming his native isle. Judge by this very *uncalled*-for history of my *un*-literary pursuits and rambling propensities whether I can not sympathize with your longing for green fields and babbling brooks......I might well expect to be forgotten, except by the few who love me for myself, and expect no return but of affection."*

The "enemy"—so Death is wrongfully called—was creeping toward him. "His movements were slower; he was subject to frequent fits of absence; there was an indecision in his manner and an unsteadiness in his step wholly unusual to him." "He sometimes lost his way even in familiar places;" "in some of the last notes he wrote, the letters were formed like those of a child." "His mind," writes one of his friends, "was beautiful even in its debility;" the river was not turbulent as it joined the ocean. In 1840 Wordsworth describes a visit to his old friend of half a century: "He did not recognize me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child."

In the malady of his departed wife he had learned what a woeful thing it is

"When the poor flesh surviving doth entomb
The reasonable soul;"

and not long afterward he was doomed himself to feel that terrible affliction.

It was a sad sight to see the aged and venerable man "shaken at the root," "irritable as he had never been before," "losing his way in well-known places," his form thin and shrunk, the fire gone from his eyes, or shining dimly as a light going out, and the bright intelligence fading from the still fine features; growing worse and worse, with brief intervals of consciousness, during which, with "placid languor," sometimes, apparently, torpor, he hopelessly and helplessly saw the shadow approach; still "mechanically" moving about his books, taking down one and then another, looking upon them with relics of old love, and mournfully murmuring as he put them by,

"Memory, memory, where art thou gone?"

So passed the last three or four years of his life, giving the clearest proof that he could do nothing, because nothing was done. There had been no sudden shock, no bodily ailment; the mind was simply worn out by the wear and tear of life—fifty years of labor, as "by profession a man of letters!"

On the 21st of March, 1843, he died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

On the 23d of March, 1843, he was buried in the church-yard of Crosthwaite, where his wife Edith, four of his children, and several of his dear household, relatives and friends, had been, or have since been, laid. The tombstone contains their names, the dates of their births and deaths—no more.† Here "the dead speak, and give admonition to the living." His funeral was private. Except the members of his family, there were but two strangers. A white-headed man, older by four years than the departed, walked over the mountains that gloomy and stormy day, to offer a last tribute of affection on his grave; it was the venerable poet, William Wordsworth, who leaned upon the arm of his son-in-law, Quillinan—a most estimable gentleman and true poet, who survived but a short time his illustrious father-in-law. It was told to me, by one who was present, that as the solemn words were uttered, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a ray of unlooked-for sunshine suddenly fell upon the grave; the rain ceased, the wind lulled, and at the instant two small birds sung from an adjacent tree. In a poem entitled "The Funeral of Southey," written by Mr. Quillinan, he notices this, which we may accept as a striking and most interesting fact:

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* In a MS. note of Lætitia Landon concerning Southey I find this remark: "There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The Oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems. They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey." Some one said of his "style," it was "proper words in proper places."

Thus Lamb writes to Southey: "The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and gracefully blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality"—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster.

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in Cottle's "Reminiscences," picturing him with long hair, "curling beautifully"—the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the barber's intense disgust.

† In a pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, Southey treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

"They
Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libelers."

He showed to Allan such an array of "villainous visages" as would suffice to make him, in "mere shame," take up an alias, and forswear himself. First was "a dainty gentleman," with sleepy eyes, half closed, "saucy and sentimental;" next, "a jovial landlord," whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto's vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann: he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense

"Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest of the Odenwald."

He owned "Sir Smug," and recognized the likeness when "at the looking-glass" he stood "with razor-weaponed hand;" but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the Old Bailey, when

"That he is guilty
No judge or jury could have half a doubt."

Notwithstanding, however, these "complaints," he was often "well and truly" painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved, and of which my wood-cut is a copy.

* It was at that time of trial he quoted a passage from "some old author:" "Remember, under any affliction, that Time is short, and that although your cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it."

† "We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance was matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second year. I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from that forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear me up." Southey, so long ago as the 21st February, 1829, prefaced his poem of "All for Love" with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting:

"TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

"Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caroline?
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have been both taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here;
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas! how oft, the best resolved intent;
And, therefore, this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend and sister poetess!
"ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"KESWICK, *Feb.* 21, 1829."

* In 1852 Caroline Southey received one of the Crown pensions—£200 a year—"in consideration of her late husband's eminent literary merits;" and in 1861 Miss Kate Southey received a pension—£100 a year—"on account of the important services rendered by her father to English literature." Mrs. Southey died in 1854.

† The family have all passed away from Keswick; and only memory and these church-yard graves remain to preserve, as they will do forever, the renowned name in that most beautiful district. Katherine Southey, who was born at Greta Hall, died at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, on the 12th of August, 1864, and was laid by the side of her kindred. She was aged

> "Heedless of the driving rain,
> Fearless of the mourning train,
> Perched upon the trembling stem,
> They sung the Poet's requiem."

Posthumous honors were accorded to the poet. There is a bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and another in the cathedral of the city whose chiefest glory it is—or ought to be—that Bristol was his place of birth.

> "A simple slab marks where his ashes lie,
> Fast by the church; while, from the sculptor's art,
> Within the aisle his semblance meets the eye;
> The marble sleeper makes the stranger start."

The monument in Crosthwaite Church is a fine and very beautiful achievement of sculptured art: a recumbent figure, in pure white marble, without a spot; and the sculptor, Lough, by a happy inspiration, has preserved, with singular fidelity, the features and expression of the poet,* as he describes him in placid and tranquil sleep. On the base are inscribed the lines by Wordsworth I have elsewhere quoted. Two of his own might also be placed there: he

> "Teacheth in his songs
> The love of all things lovely, all things pure."

I have intimated that my personal memory of this great and good man, who was so "lovely in his life," is but limited. I knew him only in London, in 1830, when he was in the wane of life, yet not older than fifty-six; even then he had been forty years, or very nearly so, an author—living "laborious days" from his youth upward. I met him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham, whom he cordially greets in one of his poems—

> "Allan, true child of Scotland, thou who art
> So oft in spirit on thy native hills."

Though I can add nothing of worth to the portrait I have given, I may recall him as he appeared to me. He was the very *beau idéal* of a poet—singularly impressive, tall, somewhat slight, slow in his movements, and very dignified in manner, with the eye of a hawk, and with sharp features and an aquiline nose, that carried the similitude somewhat farther. His forehead was broad and high, his eyebrows dark, his hair profuse and long, rapidly approaching white. I can see vividly, even now, his graceful and winning smile. To the commonest observer he was obviously a man who had lived more with books than men, whose converse had chiefly been with "the mighty minds of old," whose "days," whose "thoughts," whose "hopes," were, as he tells us they were, "with the dead."

In the few and brief conversations I had with him, he impressed me—as, indeed, he did every person who was even for an hour in his company—with the conviction that he elevated the profession of letters not only by knowledge acquired and distributed, not alone by the wisdom of his career and the integrity of his life, but by manners unassuming and unexacting, and by a condescending gentleness of demeanor that, if not humility in the common sense of the term, arose out of generous consideration and large charity.

Not long ago I made a pilgrimage to the house in which Southey lived, and to the grave in which he is buried. I had for my pleasant and profitable companion [to his graceful pencil I am chiefly indebted for the illustrations that accompany this Memory] the artist Jacob Thompson, who knew the poet, and knew also his neighbor, Wordsworth.

Greta Hall, for nearly half a century his residence—his "loophole of retreat"—stands on a slight elevation above the river Greta, and close to its confluence with the Derwent.† From a picturesque bridge—Greta Bridge—a view of the house is obtained. It was originally two houses, converted by the poet into one. It consists of many rooms, all small, except what was the poet's library—his library in chief, that is to say, for every apartment was lined with books. "Books," writes Wordsworth, "were his passion:" "*Books* were his passion, as *wandering* was mine;" and, he adds, circumstances might have made the one a Benedictine monk, in whose monastery was a library, and the other a peddler, such as he describes his "Wanderer" to have been. Adjoining it is the chamber in which he died, or rather, in which his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to companion the angels and pure spirits who had gone before, and to be with the Master he had long served. He there, to borrow a line from his friend Coleridge,

> "Found life in death."

A garden surrounds the house; there is a sloping lawn in front; and immediately facing the entrance are two "narrow-leaved" maple-trees, planted by the poet. Let us hope that no thoughtless or heedless hand will ever remove them. Behind is a thick growth of shrubs and under-wood, leading down to an embrasure of the river; along the bank is the Poet's Walk, at the end of which was a seat beneath an elm-tree, where he often sat looking across the stream upon the ruins of an ancient friary (now a barn) and the mountains of old Skiddaw and Blencathra.

In front of the house, however, the grandest view is obtained. It commands Derwentwater (the loveliest of all the English lakes: "I would not," writes Southey, "exchange Derwentwater for the Lake of Geneva"), on which look down the loftiest and the most picturesque of the mountains of Cumberland. From every one of the windows there is a glorious prospect. Within ken is the "gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge." There is bleak Skiddaw, with "its fine black head," that extorted a compliment even from London-loving Charles Lamb. There is Souter Fell, where ghosts have been seen in troops in the broad light of day. There is the Druids' Temple, little more than a mile from Keswick, at the foot of Saddleback—old Blencathra—near the entrance to St. John's Vale, the stones of which "no person can count with a like result as to number." There is Derwentwater, seen from so many points, with its traditions of the young lord who was "out in the fifteen," and died on a scaffold on Tower Hill. You may ascend the "Lady's Rake," up which his lady fled for shelter; and if you listen calmly, you may hear the distant fall of Lodore. From his window he saw, as he wrote, not only Derwent, "that under the hills reposed," but other views that were to him "perpetual benedictions." Thus he describes some of them:

> "'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
> And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
> Fade like the hopes of youth till the beauty of youth is departed:
> Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding
> Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
> Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
> Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
> Under the woods reposed; the hills that, calm and majestic,
> Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
> Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Griesdale and westernmost Wythrop;
> Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
> High in the middle air huge purple pillowy masses,
> While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
> Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
> Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
> Earth was hush'd and still: all motion and sound were suspended;
> Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect—
> Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness."

I borrow a description of the adjacent scenery from my valued friend William Howitt's excellent and interesting volumes—"Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets:"

> "The situation of Southey's house, taking all into consideration, is exceeded by few in England. It is agreeably distant from the road and the little town, and stands in a fine open valley, surrounded by hills of the noblest and most diversified character. From your stand on the Greta Bridge, looking over the house, your eye falls on the group of mountains behind it. The lofty hill of Latrig lifts its steep green back, with its larch plantations clothing one edge, and scattered in groups over the other. Stretching away to the left, rise the still loftier range and gaunt masses of Skiddaw, with its intervening dells and ravines, and summits often lost in their canopy of shadowy clouds. Between the feet of Skiddaw and Greta Bridge lie pleasant knolls and fields, with scattered villas and cottages and Crosthwaite Church. On your right hand is the town, and behind it green, swelling fields again, and the more distant inclosing chain of hills. If you then turn your back on the house and view the scene which is presented from the house, you find yourself in the presence of the river, hurrying away toward the assemblage of beautifully varied mountains which encompass magnificently the Lake of Derwentwater."

Yes, Southey perhaps as fully as Wordsworth enjoyed the beautiful and glorious scenery of "the English lakes." The one wrote much concerning them; the other said little about them in verse; but who can doubt that they influenced the mind, heart, and soul of the one as fully as they did the mind, heart, and soul of the other?

The two poets, and others who were their associates in this locality, have added deep interest to the charms it derives from nature; and for all time the places they have commemorated will be "delights" to all visitors who dwell even for a day among the mountains and rivers, the hills and dells, of Westmoreland.

The walks that were familiar to the poet were in all directions; some at a distance from his home. He walked ever with his head raised, thrown back somewhat, looking upward, and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.* Of these walks, his favorite was to "The Friars' Crag," or Walk—a promontory that overhangs Derwentwater, a short way from Keswick. It was of this spot he said, "If I had Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse, I would here build myself a house." The crag—which I have pictured—is said to have derived its name from the monks of Lindisfarn coming to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. The view hence is very lovely. Close to the foot of the crag the rocks are washed by the waters of the lake, the whole expanse of which is seen, with its picturesque islands. On the right the eye takes in the sunny slopes of "the Catbells"—scarcely to be called mountains when compared with mighty Scafell in the distance—while beneath them lies the fairest of all the islands, the island dedicated to St. Herbert.*

At the head of the lake, standing like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Borrowdale, is Castle Crag, and on its left lies the beautiful Fall of Lodore, immortalized by Southey in some quaint verses which are known to most readers:

> "And dashing and flashing, and splashing and crashing
> * * * With a mighty uproar,
> And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Lodore Water-fall is about three miles from Keswick, on the road to Borrowdale, between two towering cliffs: one on the left, Gowdar Crag; on the right, Shepherd's Crag. The *perpendicular* height through which the water descends is said to be one hundred and fifty feet (the whole height of the fall is three hundred and sixty feet). The crags on either side are covered with trees overhanging the water; the oak, ash, birch, holly, and even the wild rose, flourish in wanton luxuriance. The foaming cataract, as it bounds over the huge rocks, is to be seen more than three miles off. The fall runs into the lake, and the noise which it makes can be heard *miles* away. There is a pretty rustic bridge over it, and at its foot stands a little hotel, once an ancient hostelry, but now much enlarged to accommodate the many thousands that annually visit the place.

But the grand and glorious scenery of the Lakes may be adverted to more fitly when I recall to memory the great High-priest of Nature, Wordsworth.

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Crosthwaite Church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere than on earth. The anecdote is this: Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were many tourists in the neighborhood. One Sunday two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and, in passing, touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a good stare." A few days after, the sexton met Southey in the street of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, said, "*Don't do it again*," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

The grave-yard of Crosthwaite is a lonely grave-yard, in the midst of mountains, commanding an open view of Derwentwater, on which the mountains Blencathra and Skiddaw look down. There are few human dwellings near at hand, and even those are being hidden by intervening trees. The church is very ancient—more than seven centuries have passed since its foundations were laid: it was not long ago thoroughly restored by a liberal "neighbor."

In 1816, Southey, in describing the church-yard, which thirty years afterward was to be his resting-place, writes: "The church-yard is as open to the eye and to the breath of heaven as if it were a Druids' place of meeting." A wall has since been placed, but it is looked over—upon the lake and on the mountains, "the everlasting hills" of which he somewhere speaks.

And in that calm and isolated grave-yard lie the mortal remains of Robert Southey—

> "He who sung
> Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song;"

he who, in so many ways, inculcated the wisdom of Virtue. If his prophecy of himself has not been as yet altogether fulfilled—

> "Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
> And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

at least it is certain that he has received the justice he looked for, and knew to be his right.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SIR CHARLES BASSETT was in high spirits this afternoon—indeed, a little too high.

"Bella, my love," said he, "now I'll tell you why I made you give me your signature this morning. The money has all come in for the wood, and this very day I sent Oldfield instructions to open an account for you with a London banker."

Lady Bassett looked at him with tears of tenderness in her eyes. "Dearest," said she, "I have plenty of money; but the love to which I owe this present, that is my treasure of treasures. Well, I accept it, Charles; but don't ask me to spend it on myself; I should feel I was robbing you."

"It is nothing to me how you spend it; I have saved it from the enemy."

Now that very enemy heard these words. He had looked from the "Heir's Tower," and seen Sir Charles and Lady Bassett walking on their side the wall, and the nurse carrying his heir on the other side.

He had come down to look at his child in the sun; but he walked softly, on the chance of overhearing Sir Charles and Lady Bassett say something or other about his health; his design went no farther than that, but the fate of listeners is proverbial.

Lady Bassett endeavored to divert her husband from the topic he seemed to be approaching; it always excited him now, and did him harm.

"Do not waste your thoughts on that enemy. He is powerless."

"At this moment, perhaps; but his turn is sure to come again; and I shall provide for it. I mean to live on half my income, and settle the other half on you. I shall act on the clause in the entail, and fell all the timber on the estate, except about the home park and my best covers. It will take me some years to do this; I must not glut the market, and spoil your profits; but every year I'll have a fall, till I have denuded Mr. Bassett's inheritance, as he calls it, and swelled your banker's account to a Plum. Bella, I have had a shake. Even now that I am better such a pain goes through my head, like a bullet crushing through it, whenever I get excited. I don't think I shall be a long-lived man. But never mind, I'll live as long as I can; and, while I do live, I'll work for you, and against that villain."

"Charles," cried Lady Bassett, "I implore you to turn your thoughts away from that man, and to give up these idle schemes. Were you to die I should soon follow you; so pray do not shorten your life by these angry passions, or you will shorten mine."

This appeal acted powerfully on Sir Charles, and he left off suddenly with flushed cheeks, and tried to compose himself.

But his words had now raised a corresponding fury on the other side of that boundary wall. Richard Bassett, stung with rage, and, unlike his high-bred cousin, accustomed to mix cunning even with his fury, gave him a terrible blow—a very *coup de Jarnac*. He spoke *at* him; he ran forward to the nurse, and said very loud: "Let me see the little darling. He does you credit. What fat cheeks!—what arms!—an infant Hercules! There, take him up the mound. Now lift him in your arms, and let him see his inheritance. Higher, nurse, higher. Ay, crow away, youngster; all that is yours—house and land and all. They may steal the trees; they can't make away with the broad acres. Ha! I believe he understands every word, nurse. See how he smiles and crows."

At the sound of Bassett's voice Sir Charles started, and, at the first taunt, he uttered something between a moan and a roar, as of a wounded lion.

"Come away," cried Lady Bassett. "He is doing it on purpose."

But the stabs came too fast. Sir Charles shook her off, and looked wildly round for a weapon to strike his insulter with.

"Curse him and his brat!" he cried. "They shall neither of them— I'll kill them both."

He sprang fiercely at the wall, and, notwithstanding his weakly condition, raised himself above it, and glared over with a face so full of fury that Richard Bassett recoiled in dismay for a moment, and said, "Run! run! He'll hurt the child!"

But, the next moment, Sir Charles's hands lost their power; he uttered a miserable moan, and fell gasping under the wall in an epileptic fit, with all the terrible symptoms I have described in a previous portion of this story. These were new to his poor wife, and, as she strove in vain to control his fearful convulsions, her shrieks rent the air. Indeed, her screams were so appalling that Bassett himself sprang at the wall, and, by a great effort of strength, drew himself up and peered down, with white face, at the glaring eyes, clinched teeth, purple face, and foaming lips of his enemy, and his body that bounded convulsively on the ground with incredible violence.

At that moment humanity prevailed over every thing, and he flung himself over the wall, and in his haste got rather a heavy fall himself. "It is a fit!" he cried, and, running to the brook close by, filled his hat with water, and was about to dash it over Sir Charles's face.

But Lady Bassett repelled him with horror. "Don't touch him, you villain! You have killed him." And then she shrieked again.

At this moment Mr. Angelo dashed up, and saw at a glance what it was, for he had studied medicine a little. He said, "It is epilepsy. Leave him to me." He managed, by his great strength, to keep the patient's head down till the face got pale and the limbs still; then, telling Lady Bassett not to alarm herself too much, he lifted Sir Charles, and actually proceeded to carry him toward the house. Lady Bassett, weeping, proffered her assistance, and so did Mary Wells; but this athlete said, a little brusquely, "No, no; I have practiced this sort of thing;" and, partly by his rare strength, partly by his familiarity with all athletic feats, carried the insensible baronet to his own house, as I have seen my accomplished friend Mr. Henry Neville carry a tall actress on the mimic stage; only, the distance being much longer, the perspiration rolled down Mr. Angelo's face with so sustained an effort.

He laid him gently on the floor of his study, while Lady Bassett sent two grooms galloping

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fifty-four. Her aunt, Mrs. Lovell (one of the three sisters, Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey being the others), died there but a few years previously, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been a widow sixty-six years, and nearly all that time a cherished inmate in the dwelling of the Laureate, and, after his death, in that of his daughter Katherine.

* It ought to be recorded that the commission to the sculptor was for a work in Caen stone; but Mr. Lough (so writes the poet's son), "with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice."

† The river Derwent connects the two lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. The Greta joins the Derwent, and together they make their way into the lake (Bassenthwaite).

* James Hogg, writing of Southey, says: "Deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that when he looks toward the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith." Although he adds: "This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished Laureate," I do not find the "defect" referred to by any other writer.

* Bede tells us that the saint went once a year to see St. Cuthbert, of Farn Island, and to hear from him the words of everlasting life. As they sat together one day, St. Cuthbert told his friend that he felt his time was coming when his spirit would depart hence. St. Herbert, in his agony of grief, prayed to God that he might not survive his teacher. Tradition has it that the friends both died on the same day, even at the same hour (A.D. 687).